The Centre Reporter.

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CAPITOL CHAT.

INFORMATION OF A WEEK FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

A Brief Review of What Government of Officials are Doing for the Country's Good.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26, 1892.—Who will Mr. Harrison name to take his place as Czar of the republican campaign machine? Is a question that is daily becoming more important to republicans. The condition of Mrs. Harrison is such that Mr. Harrison will not leave her long enough to hear and familiarize himself with the reports of those who have come here to inform him of the perilous condition of his campaign and to receive his orders and there is little prospect of Mrs. Harrison becoming well enough to permit him to resume control of the campaign. He has so far absolutely refused to talk politics with those who have tried to impress upon him the necessity for an immediated delegation of his power to some one else.

Steve Elkins has been sent for and he will try to get Mr. Harrison to name a new boss, and it is possible, indeed, would be probable, that Elkins would be the man if it were not that Mr. Harrison has always regarded Elkins as being tarred with the Blaine stick, and feared to trust him in matters affecting his own political welfare. He may have to do so now. There is no other member of the cabinet, excepting Charlie Foster, who has sufficient political sagacity and experience to do the work; so, unless he goes outside of the cabinet, one of these two men will probably be selected to wear the republican crown during the remainder of the campaign.

General disappointment has taken command of the republicans hereabouts. The first disappointment was caused by the flat failure to make the G. A. R. encampment a republican campaign gathering and by the upsetting all the plans that had been made with that end in view. Vice President Morton was approached and asked to lend his aid to carrying out those plans; he positively refused, and also informed those who broached the subject that if any attempt was made to bring politics into the encampment he would at once return to New York. It matters not whether Mr. Morton acted as he really felt about this or was actuated by a feeling of revenge and a desire to "get even" with those who kept him out of the Vice-Presidential nomination at Minneapolis; it is enough to know that he helped to disarrange plans that would have been a disgrace both to the administration and to the G. A. R. had they been carried out. Another disappointment, and a big one it is too, is that caused by the knowledge that Senator Hill has gone actively to work to help carry New York for Cleveland and Stevenson, just as those who know him best have all along maintained that he would at the proper time.

Great as was the success of the G. A. R. encampment, in point of attendance and in the enjoyment of the enormous crowd of visitors, it did not escape the baleful shadow of the "nigger"—few things in this country do. It has just leaked out that the reception in the rotunda of the Capital building which Congress by special act authorized Mrs. Gen. Logan and her lady associates to hold, and which so mysteriously came to an end almost before it had fairly got started, was spoilt by the aforesaid baleful shadow of the "nigger." It was stated at the time that the doors were closed in the faces of the thousands standing in line waiting their turn to pass through the rotunda, and reiterated in the local papers next day, that Mrs. Logan and her lady assistants had become so fatigued that it was physically impossible to continue the reception. The ladies may have been quite as near prostrated as they wished the public to believe they were, but it was not caused by the fatigue of standing to shake hands with those who got in before the doors were closed. Among those who accepted invitations to assist Mrs. Logan in receiving were the wives of three cabinet officers and a number of ladies prominent in the social circles of Washington, while a number of young army officers volunteered to make the presentations. When they arrived at the Capitol and proceeded to the rotunda they were surprised, and some of them greatly shocked, to find that one of the receiving party was a "nigger," the wife of ex-Senator Bruce. There was an immediate rumpus, and as it could not be quieted, some of the ladies refusing to stand with her and some of the officers refusing to make presentations to her, the reception was brought to a close at the earliest possible moment, and to avoid a scandal during the encampment the story about the ladies being so much prostrated as to be unable to continue it was conceived and given out. Mrs. Logan has not improved her social status by inviting Bruce's wife to assist her at that reception, nor has she heard the last of it.

SPRING MILLS.

A Threatened Visit By the White Caps. A Porcupine Killed.

Mr. John Lloyd shot a large porcupine in the woods near town last Sunday.

Major J. B. Fisher is having all of his bottom land tiled that lays between the railroad and the Georges Valley road. Mr. James Leitzell is putting in the tiles and he is making a good job of it.

Many of our townspeople have said hard words about the inventor of the woggle-woggle. Poor fellow; what private griefs he may have had they know not. Perhaps his next neighbor had a piano and a poll parrot.

If the rumor that 148 persons from this township are to be returned for fishing, proves to be true, and they get the full extent of the law, the Democratic majority from this section will be somewhat below what it was in former years.

The schools in Gregg township having all opened last Monday, the school marms and masters are now "strictly in it." The town schools opened under fair prospects, Prof. Wolfe having seventeen pupils in the grammar school, R. U. Bitner twenty, in the intermediate, and Miss Irene Evans twenty-four in the primary. Mr. C. E. Royer teaches at Polk Hill; Mr. George Weaver at Beaver Dam; Mr. John Zeigler at Penn Hall; Miss Mary Guise at Cross Roads; Miss Ada Breon at Deckers; Mr. R. B. Gardner in the Mountains; Mr. P. W. Leitzell at Farmers Mills; Mr. Allen Duck at Murray's; Mr. Harvey Grove at the Toll gate; Miss Annie Grove at Logan and Mr. Minnich at Hoy's.

A man living several miles from town has recently received a notice to do thus and so, or suffer the consequences from the white caps, who threaten to visit him after October 1st, unless he complies with their demands. The person has been busy preparing himself to give them a warm reception when they come. With his Winchester in good working order and full of cartridges, his shot guns and rifles the same, and his big cavalry sword freshly ground as sharp as a razor, and the skill and back-bone to use them freely, the White caps had better look a little out and go slow, unless their name is Legion.

A LONG TRIAL AHEAD.

Eighty Witnesses Summoned in the Swengel Murder Case.

The Swengel murder trial was taken up in the Snyder county court, at Middleburg, on Tuesday. Prosecuting Attorney Miller and A. W. Potter, of Selin's Grove, and Messrs. Smith and Gilbert, of Middleburg, are attorneys for the prosecution, and ex-Judge J. C. Bucher, of Lewisburg, and ex-District Attorneys Grimm and Dower, of Middleburg, are on the defense. Eighty witnesses have been subpoenaed and the trial promises to be a long and hotly contested one.

Dr. Henry Leffmann and his brother, W. S. Leffmann, of Jefferson Medical College, are there as witnesses, together with Messrs. Doyle, Seiz, and Middleton, all of Philadelphia. The last three are connected with the Adams Express Company, through whose hands the stomach of the deceased passed after reaching Philadelphia for analysis by Dr. Leffmann.

What a Circular is.

As defined by the postoffice department a circular is a printed letter which, according to internal evidence, it being sent in identical terms to several persons. A circular does not lose its character as such when the date, the name of the address and of the sender are written therein, nor by the correction of mere typographical errors. The date, if written, must be the date of the circular, and not the date on which something is acknowledged therein to have been received, or at which something is to be done, or is to occur.

Fall Announcement.

Ready made clothing for men, youths, boys and children.

Clothing made to order by skilful tailors.

Storm coats in abundance.
The latest hats and neckwear.
MONTGOMERY & CO.
Bellefonte.

Communion.

The Lord's Supper will be administered in the Reformed church by Rev. Eisenberg, next Sabbath morning at ten o'clock.

Saved from Frosts,

The Centre county corn crop was not caught by frosts this year.

COLUMBUS DAY.

A Suggestive Program for the Observance of the Day.

It seems settled that the popular observance of Columbus Day, Oct. 21, is likely to be the most general of any of the contennials through which we have passed. There is no doubt that the American people, as a whole, have become thoroughly interested in the significance of this 400th anniversary.

One strong reason for this wide interest is the public school leadership of the national celebration. As soon as this school leadership was proposed, the press of the country began to commend the idea; it was received favorably by superintendents of education, teachers and thoughtful citizens generally.

So it came about that the idea proved acceptable to everybody. Then it was further promoted by the official recognitions it received. The National Educational Association adopted it, and appointed all the state superintendents a committee to carry it out; and a special committee with headquarters at the *Youth's Companion* office, Boston, to push the movement and to prepare a uniform official program for use in every locality. Commander-in-chief Palmer of the Grand Army, saw the opportunity the plan offered, and issued general orders that all the G. A. R. posts in a grand patriotic, unpartisan demonstration on Columbus Day,—assisting the schools to raise and salute the flag, and escorting them in the review.

Congress finally recognized the movement by directing the president to proclaim October 21 a holiday to be observed by suitable exercises in the schools. The proclamation recently issued by the president gave emphatic accent to the school idea, and recommended that the people everywhere make it the centre of the local observance.

The official program, by making certain of the day's exercises uniform in all localities will give the national observance an important unity. This program was published through the press the first week in September. Its leading provisions are as follows:

The schools everywhere are to assemble at the usual hour on the morning of October 21. A detail of veterans is expected to arrive soon after, and all will repair to the yard. The exercises will begin with reading of the proclamation. Then the flag will be raised by the veterans, and saluted by all the pupils in a brief exercise, terminating in the song "My Country, 'tis of Thee." After divine acknowledgment the Song of Columbus Day, and original hymn for the occasion and set to the old tune of "Lyons" will be sung by all. Following, will be a declamation of the Address for Columbus Day, and a reading of the Ode for Columbus Day, both original productions for the occasion.

Opportunity will then be given for whatever additional features local enterprise may provide; and the morning observance will end with short addresses by citizens, and national songs.

For the afternoon a Public School Review is suggested; or if there is a civic parade, it is urged that the schools escorted by the veterans, be made the prominent feature. In the mass meeting of citizens, with which many places will conclude the day, it is proposed that among the speeches ample recognition be given to the American system of free, universal education as a source of American progress and the hope of the future.

The date, the first of September, for the publication of this programe was fortunate, for it came at the opening of the term of the majority of the American schools; and teachers and pupils were in the mood for an eager and spirited undertaking of the celebration.

October 21st is only a trifle less than a month distant, but all of this time may be used to excellent advantage in preparing for the celebration. In undertakings of this character unavoidable delays are apt to occur. The schools which begin immediately on the work which must be done to make the celebration a credit to themselves and their town, will escape the annoying situations likely to arise if everything is left until the eleventh hour.

Every Man a Liar.

They say a man from the adjacent county who went out to view the great west has returned, and now says it is indeed a wonderful country. Every hamlet is a town, every town a city, every farm a ranch, every barnyard a corral, every mound a mountain, and every man a liar.

Your Family Physician is the Safest.

Beware of quack doctors. Rose Clark of Classville, Tenn., used some corn salve purchased from a quack doctor, and as a result she has had to undergo two painful operations. First she had two toes amputated and now her leg has been taken off at the knee. She may loose her life.

PEOPLE GROW OLD.

A HEALTHY COUNTY IN WHICH TO LIVE.

Centre County has a Record for Human Longevity Which Few Counties can Boast Of.

Centre county has a record for human longevity, that few other counties can boast of, and its healthiness entitles it to be listed as a natural sanitarium.

The latest case of old age reported, is that of a lady in Patton township, who died a few days ago, at the age of 117 years,—an account of which will be found in another column. This lady no doubt, was a coffee drinker, which habit may have shortened her life, and cold water advocates would argue she might have lived to reach 125, but coffee cut her off prematurely at 117.

We have the case of Mrs. Korman, of Miles, who died some months ago, upwards of 95; Mrs. Reynolds, of same locality, and many others whom we might mention, male and female, living up to between ninety and one hundred years. These persons were early settlers, pioneers who cleared the forests, made fertile farms of the wilds, removed stumps and rocks, and turned our vallies into the garden they now are, besides braving the red-man. In this rugged life of hardships, many of these old women lent as strong a helping hand as their husbands.

The damsels of today could not think of going through one-fourth what their grandmothers went through. Some of them won't go through anything except the purses of father or husband—dress and pleasure, not work and domestic usefulness, are their only thought. Some of the young men of the day we can put down ditto.

In those early days men and women were honest and honorable—their word was as good as their bond. Now with many honesty and truth are virtues not shining as prettily as the nice clothes they wear, bought and not paid for—living at others expense, and without paying honest debts, yet holding heads high. The mothers and fathers of old were not thus.

O tempora! O mores!

CLEVELAND AND PENSIONS.

During President Cleveland's Administration more pensioners were put upon the rolls and more money was paid in pensions than had ever before been added or disbursed in the same length of time.

The only criticism that could with justice be brought against President Cleveland is that he signed too many rather than too few pension bills.

For 1886-7-8 General Black, President Cleveland's Pension Commissioner, issued 359,452 certificates, exceeding by 168,241 the last three years of the preceding Republican Administration. The disbursements for the same period exceeding those of the Republican Commissioner by $34,000,000.

There were 345,000 pensioners on the list when President Cleveland assumed office. When he left there were 489,000—a gain of 144,000. The increase during the preceding four years of Republican rule was only 95,000.

President Cleveland vetoed exactly 250 private pension bills during his four years in office, all of them for good reasons. But he signed or permitted to become laws 1,825, which was 259 more than were approved by all the Presidents from Grant to Arthur, both inclusive.

Does this record look like hostility to soldiers or opposition to pensions?

The Homestead strike is a salty one for the state, it will entail an expense on the State approximating $400,000. Warrants have already been drawn for the payment of $282,899.93 for the payment of officers and men, commissary stores, quartermaster bills, horse hire and other incidentals. The Fifteenth Regiment, withdrawn from Homestead a few days ago, is entitled to eleven days' pay, and the Sixteenth has not been paid since the 9th instant.

The bill of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company against the State for transportation expenses is $52,000 and other railroad expenses will probably reach $15,000. The aggregate cost of the Homestead outbreak will exceed Governor Pattison's estimate about $150,000 owing to the long service required of a portion of the State militia.

Mrs. Harrison's condition is a hopeless one. "There is one chance in a million," said a member of the family yesterday. Mrs. Harrison herself realizes that death may come upon her to-morrow or may defer his coming for several weeks. In addition to the tuberculosis of one lung, which in this case is quick consumption, she is suffering from nervous prostration, which renders her less able than ever to recuperate.

AN AWFUL SHOOTING AFFRAY.

The Just Retribution That Fell Upon Edward Grundy.

It is soldom that a drunken wife beater gets his just deserts, but Edward Grundy, mine boss at Liveright's colliery, got his on Thursday night, says the Philipsburg *Ledger*. He lived with his wife and family in the old John Goss homestead, about two miles from Osceola. Sober, he was an ordinarily good husband and father, but drunk, he was a fiend, abused his family shamefully. On Thursday night he came home roaring drunk at midnight. His wife gave birth to twins on Tuesday night and was sick in bed. Her sister was with her. When they heard Grundy staggering on the porch they were alarmed, and when he began beating and kicking the door Mrs. Grundy got out of bed and hid the gun which stood in the corner, under the bed. His revolver, which was lying on the bureau, she concealed in the bosom of her night dress. By this time Grundy had smashed the door in, and came into the house raging like a wild beast. He first caught sight of Mrs. O'Donnell, and charged on her swearing he would kill her, but she escaped out of the house to a neighbors. Then he drove the children out, and finally turned on his wife and and demanded to know where the gun and pistol were. She refused to tell and he ran at her with oaths and threats. She ran out of the house, but he pursued her and caught her and beat and kicked her and dragged her back into the house by the hair. In the scuffle he caught sight of the pistol in her bosom and grabbed for it. She caught it, and in the struggle it exploded, the ball striking him in the right eye and coming out at the back of the head. He fell dead without a struggle. Mrs. Grundy fainted. Mrs. O'Donnell and the children—who had to Galbraith's, the nearest neighbors, some distance away—ventured back to the house about 2 o'clock in the morning and found Mrs. Grundy alone with the corpse. The older children went out and gave the alarm and the neighbors came. In the morning the authorities at Osceola were informed. The coroner sent to Clearfield for the district attorney, who came over and an inquest was held. A verdict of accidental killing was rendered, clearing Mrs. Grundy of any violation of law. The poor woman is half crazed with grief and remorse and is in a very dangerous condition.

Neglect of Roofs of Buildings.

There is no portion of a building that is so much neglected as its roof, an oversight due to its location, at which observation is difficult. Tin roofs ought to be inspected at least once a year to ascertain whether repair needed, whether painting is required, as by a course of observation of the matters a dollar or two expended may prevent the creation of a necessity in a year or two or that will cost ten or twenty dollars to repair the roof, and possibly as much more to restore other portions of the same building to conditions of safety impaired by water soaking into rooms or drenching ceilings and sides of houses. Slate roofs need as much watching as do those made of tin at least careful handlers of real estate say they do, while the old fashion shingle roof, especially on the old fashion house, of which there are still many in all parts of the city, also need to be examined periodically. Leaky roofs are sources of as much injury to property as is inflicted in the wear and tear of domicils in the occupancy of tenants who have no idea how property should be handled and no regard for its proper care. Look to your roofs.

The Lady with the Samples.

A woman drummer came to town yesterday. She was selling soluble food. It may be neccessary to state that she did not stand on the street corners and talk to the fool boys. She did not sit in front of the hotel with her feet up against a tree, flirting with every putty-brained, hair-banged clump that smoked cigarettes that drove pass in a buggy. She called on her customers, talked business in a business way, took her orders and politely bid them "good day."—*Fulton (Mo.) Sun.*

CALLING THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

From the Pittsburg Post.

Vermont official shows one Democrat is missing in that State since September, 1888. The Democratic vote in 1888 was 19,227; in 1892 it was 19,226. Wonder where that fellow has gone? The Republican vote in 1888 was 48,522; in 1892 it was 39,190—Republican loss, 9,332. Where are they, Father Abraham? The total vote in 1888 was 69,426; in 1892 it was 60,366. Pity the Republicans were so over confident.

——The latest styles in clothing at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte.

COBURN.

Local Events Summarized For the Readers of the Reporter.

Professor A. J. Harter, wife, and little child, of Altoona, are in this section visiting friends.

Mrs. Deibler and daughter, of Shamokin, are visiting at the home of James A. Cooney at present.

There will be no services in the Lutheran church on Sunday on account of Rev. Wolf's absence at Synod which meets at Reedsville this week.

Mrs. James E. Harter and Mrs. J. F. Garthoff were in attendance at the sessions of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society which convened at Rebersburg last week.

Messrs. W. W. Rishel and John Hoffa, of this place, and John Sleifer, of Poe Valley, took in the G. A. R. encampment at Washington, D. C. last week. They report it as having been a monster affair.

Daniel Sanders, of St. Joe county, Michigan, is at present visiting relatives in this section. He is a brother of Jacob Sanders, Mrs. T. F. Auman, and Mrs. John Hoover, all of this township. He left this state twenty-two years ago and has lived in several of the western states ever since.

This town was enlivened on Saturday evening by the presence of the Millheim band which discoursed some very fine music for the time being. The band was in attendance at the picnic held by the Pine Creek Sunday school, in Winklebleck's grove, and on their return paid our town a short visit and treated us to some of their matchless music.

A little child of A. C. and Annie Eisenhuth died on Tuesday, it being only about three weeks old at the time of its death. 'Tis sad to reflect that one so young should be called to its reward, but God's ways are not our ways, and we should be content. About a year ago another little child was taken away from these same parents, at about the same age. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the entire community in this their sad bereavement.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

A UniqueCountry whr the Skis ar almost Never Clouded while the air is Cool and Bracing, like Perpetual Spring.

As an anomalous southern resort, by reason of the fact that there one may escape summer heat no less than winter cold, New Mexico is rapidly becoming famous. Averaging throughout the entire territory 5,600 feet in altitude above sea-level, and characterized by dry air which, unlike a humid atmosphere, is incapable of communicating heat, the temperature in midsummer remains at a delightfully comfortable degree through the day, and at night becomes invariably brisk and bracing. The sunshine is almost constant, yet the most violent out-of-door exertion may be undertaken without fear of distressful consequences. Sunstroke or prostration are absolutely unknown there. It is an ideal land for a summer outing. Its climate is prescribed by reputable physicians as a specific for pulmonary complaints, and the medicinal Hot Springs at Las Vegas are noted for their curative virtues. The most sumpuous hotel in the west, the Montezuma, is located at these springs. Write to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago, for "The Land of Sunshine," an entertaining and profusely illustrated book descriptive of this region, the most picturesque and romantic in the United States. 1

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. J. D. Murray Druggist.

Of Little Value.

Chilean money has very little intrinsic value just now. It is simply small tags of pasteboard. The maker of each tag writes on it the sum for which he is willing to redeem it, and uses it as cash. It passes from hand to hand as money, and in time comes back to the original producer, whose duty it is to redeem it.

Pennsylvania Republicans admit that our great state has two non-entities in the United States senate, yet they propose to vote for assemblymen this fall who will vote to continue Mr. Quay in the senate six years longer. If their nominees in this county could be elected, both would vote to re-elect Quay, although they know him to be a non-entity.

GREAT CALCULATORS.

ARITHMETICIANS WHO HAVE PUZZLED THE WORLD.

Marvellous Mathematical Feats of Jacques Inaudi—Zerah Colburn's Prodigious Work with Fgures.

The last century and a quarter has produced more prodigies to puzzle physicians, philosophers and teachers than any other corresponding period of time in the world's history, so far as we of the present know.

The recent marvelous mnemonic and mathematical feats of Mons. Jacques Inaudi, the Piedmontese peasant, who for six months past has provoked the wonder and admiration of Parisian savants, have recalled the wonderful performances of some other prodigies who have lived and died since this old world has swung into the nineteenth century.

Inaudi is twenty-five years of age. He was born of poor, peasant parents, who are yet living, on October 13, 1867. His family are of the lower class, one brother being a waiter in a cafe, another tends sheep for the farmers near his home, while a third is a cobbler. The little Jacques began by counting his sheep when he was only six years old, and before he had ever heard of a number or a letter of the alphabet. He began counting naturally, just as though he had known all the numbers from one to one hundred all the years of his little life.

Strangely enough, the little shepherd lad did not begin by representing his computations in a material way, by adding on his fingers or counting by pebbles. He does not remember that he was ever taught the multiplication table. He learned by ear the names of the numbers up to one hundred, and he began to advance with the acquisition of this knowledge to such a remarkable degree that by the time he was seven years old he could execute the multiplication of numbers containing as many as five figures almost instantaneously.

At this period began the romance in the life of the Piedmontese peasant boy. An older brother saw case and cash in a barrel organ and equipped with one and accompanied by young Jaques and a monkey, he started for Provence. But the young mathematician was a greater curiosity to the country folks than the monkey. For an extra coin the youthful prodigy would stand up before a crowd of gaping rustics and solve problems in ten seconds which required a half hour for the village schoolmaster to master. In the large towns he would solve problems submitted to him by the customers in cafes, and he occasionally earned an honest franc by helping the country merchants with their accounts. Then a French Barnum got hold of him and for the following four years he travelled through Europe giving two exhibitions of his wonderful power daily.

At last he came to Paris. This was in 1880. Dr. Broca, the celebrated anthropologist and savant, obtained possession of him, and introduced him to the fellows of the Anthropological Society, where his wonderful talent attracted the widest attention. But the boy was too young to make himself understood; he could not explain his system of computation, and hence he did not attract the attention in the outside world which he is doing at present. Then he could neither read nor write, could not even make the figures which his wonderful brain conjured with, to the astonishment of everyone.

Now, at the age of 25, Inaudi can both read and write. In other respects his education is limited, rudimentary in fact, but, despite this, the young man is bright, to a certain extent witty, is a clever billiard and card player, and can talk agreeably on almost any subject. In this respect he is not merely a calculating machine; he is a man possessed of a wonderful gift, which he does not even fully appreciate.

The method by which Inaudi performs the operation of calculating is only partly understood. He adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides and extracts the roots of numbers. He goes further, for he can resolve problems in arithmetic which are equivalent to equations of the first degree. And all of these are mental calculations. The method he usually employs is as follows:

When a problem is given to him orally he repeats it over to himself audibly, then apparently having stamped it on his brain through the medium of his ear he declares himself in readiness and immediately begins his solution. Nothing can detract his attention once he begins. He talks rapidly and in a whisper to himself as the work proceeds, snaps his finger, opens and closes his hands, puts one hand to his forehead, and traces imaginary lines on the palm of his left hand with his right index finger.

But here is the remarkable feature of this man's work: He will engage in conversation, answer questions and perform undisturbed the most astounding feats of mental arithmetic amid all the noise and tumult of the street or on the stage of a public exhibition. Where he maintains a conversation during the solution of a problem the result is a little longer in being reached—that is all. He never makes a mistake because he proves every result in his mind before he announces it.

Among the feats of mental calculation performed by Inaudi are the following: He adds in a few seconds seven numbers of eight or ten figures each. He subtracts one number from another each composed of twenty-one figures in less than a minute, and he will find just as rapidly the square or cube root of numbers consisting of from eight to twelve figures, if these numbers are perfect squares or cubes; it requires a longer time for the latter providing there is a remainder. He finds almost instantly the sixth or seventh root of large numbers. This question was asked him: "How many seconds are there in 18 years 7 months 21 days and 3 hours?" The answer was given in just thirteen seconds.

In effecting a multiplication he follows a method of his own. He decomposes a complex multiplication into a series of simple ones. The following figures will illustrate the process. The number 325 is to be multiplied by 638. He calculates thus:

300x600—	180,000
25x600—	15,000
300x 30—	9,000
300x 8—	2,400
25x 30—	750
25x 8—	200

In fact, he makes six multiplications instead of one. He begins at the left, consequently with the greater numbers. In other cases he completely alters the problem given him. For instance, instead of multiplying by 587, he multiplies by 600, then by 13, and subtracts the second product from the first.

The French Academy investigation of Inaudi revealed another remarkable thing. Other prodigies in mathematics have taken as the base of their mental operations the visual memory. At the moment when a problem is given them they have an interior vision of the numbers, and during their progress of solution the figures appear on their minds as if written on a blackboard. This method was followed by Colburn and Mondeux.

With Inaudi it is wholly different. He affirms that he has no visual representation of the figures whatever.

"I hear the figures," he said emphatically, and it is my ear which retains them. Sight serves me nothing. I have much more difficulty in remembering numbers when they are given to me in writing than when they are repeated."

ZERAH COLBURN'S FEATS.

Zerah Colburn, the most astonishing natural mathematician which the world has ever produced, was a Vermont Yankee, who was born away back in 1804.

The elder Colburn, Abia by name, was one of those characters frequently met with in remote corners of New England. He farmed a little in summer and did tinkering jobs of carpentry in winter. He was shrewd but ignorant. There was nothing remarkable in the family, which was a large one, except that each member had one more finger and one more toe than nature has vouchsafed for the use of mankind. One afternoon, in the fall of 1810, when Zerah was 7 years old, his father, who was working at his carpenter's bench, heard with the greatest astonishment the boy, who was playing among the shavings on the floor, repeat a portion of the multiplication table.

"Five times seven are thirty-five. Six times seven are forty-two. Three times twelve are thirty-six."

The father paused in his work, scarcely believing his ears. The boy had been attending the district school for three weeks, but had not yet learned the alphabet, and could not distinguish the figures apart. The father began to question the little fellow and discovered that he had the multiplication table at his tongue's end.

"How much is thirteen times ninety-seven?" asked the father finally, in joke, not earnest.

"Twelve hundred and sixty-one," was the ready response of the child.

It was one of the favorite topics of Abia Colburn's limited conversation to tell how he felt when the truth of his son's talent broke upon him.

"I could not have been more surprised if a man had sprung out of the earth and stood before me," was the way he expressed it.

It did not take Abia Colburn very long by his shrewd Yankee way of theorizing to persuade himself that there was a mint of money to be made out of young Zerah's gift, talent, power, or whatever it was. So, after some further tests, the old man carried him off to Montpelier, where the State Legislature was in session, and there he astounded the assemblage of judges, State officials, and private citizens by his ability to solve mentally the most difficult problems. During the first year of his exhibition, when he was not 8 years old, he solved questions like the following in a period of time in each case varying from three seconds to one minute:—

"How many seconds are there in 2,000 years?"

Answer—63,072,000,000.

"How many strokes will a clock strike in 2,000 years?"

Answer—113,888,000.

"What is the product of 12,225 multiplied by 1223?"

Answer—14,951,175.

"What is the square of 1,449?"

Answer—2,099,601.

"In seven acres of corn, 17 rows to each acre, 64 hills to each row, 8 ears to each hill and 150 kernels to each ear, how many kernels are there?"

Answer—9,139,200.

These were some of the first questions put to him. In the second year of his exhibition, when practice had improved him, he answered questions like the following:

"How many hours are there in 1811 years?"

Answer (in twenty seconds)—15,864,360.

"How many seconds in 11 years?"

Answer (in three seconds)—346,896,000.

"What sum multiplied by itself will produce 998,001?"

Answer (in three seconds)—999.

The ignorant and credulous thought the boy was a conjurer. Some believed him possessed of a devil. Others believed that he held the power of damnation and sought his aid and advice to recover stolen goods, restore lost love and bring the parted together. Others of a peculiarly nervous temperament experienced a kind of fear and dread in his presence which almost amounted to terror.

When asked by a learned professor one day by what process he executed these remarkable works the boy said:

"God put it into my head, but I cannot put it into yours."

After an unusually successful series of exhibitions, a number of Boston gentlemen offered to undertake the education of the boy, but the ignorance and greed of the father prevented it. He thought he saw a gold mine in the boy and so refused to permit him to be educated. Hearing of this in the public press the people grew less inclined to attend his exhibitions and after a losing trip to the South the father and son started for England.

He was exhibited in London for three years, where he excited the liveliest interest by the almost incredible nature of his mental feats. He exhibited before crowned heads, philosophers, and teachers. He gave in less than half a minute the total number of seconds which elapsed since the Christian era began. He extracted the square root of numbers of six figures and the cube of numbers of nine in less time than the results could be written down on paper.

He was once requested to multiply 999,999 by itself. He at first said that he could not do it, but in looking at the number he perceived that multiplying 37,037 by 37,037 and the product twice by 27, was just the same as multiplying 999,999 by itself. How this child of 8 years discovered this remarkable fact is a mystery by which in less than a minute he gave the correct answer, 999,998,000,001. Then he said that he could multiply this sum by 49, which he did, and this product by 25, which produced the enormous result of 60,024,879,950,030,025.

He could raise numbers of one figure to the sixteenth power in less than a minute.

While in England and after the furore over his feats had died out, the Earl of Bristol offered to educate the boy. He had him entered at Westminster School, but strange as it seemed, the boy displayed no aptitude for study, not even arithmetic and geometry. The father, who had been living in poverty in England, finally took the boy from school and started on a tour of France. This was unsuccessful, and kind friends had the boy brought to the attention of Napoleon, who caused him to be entered as a student at a military school. But again the stupid, greedy father interfered, and the boy was removed again to England.

After being reduced to direst poverty the boy became a strolling actor. Then the father died and he returned to America, where he entered the Methodist ministry. He died in that profession, although he never achieved the slightest distinction.

His death occurred in 1836 when he was but thirty-two years of age.—[Philadelphia Press.

A Unique Will Case.

One of the famous legal complications which Boston has witnessed managed to involve in its intricacies quite a number of notable men. For many years one of the law offices in the old Joy building was occupied by a veteran lawyer known as "Jerry" Brown. Quite late in life this old gentlemen was married to one of his clients, who not long after died. When her will was opened it was found to have been made shortly before her marriage. By it she bequeathed practically all her property to her intended husband, giving small bequests to her relatives and to public charities, and also remembering her husband's nephew, J. Q. A. Brackett, whom she named with him as executor. The will was witnessed by Albert E. Pillsbury.

The heirs-at-law immediately set up an attempt to break the will on the ground of undue influence. The documents they filed stated that among the property was a house on the Back Bay and a large amount of land in Kansas. They retained as counsel John D. Long and Stillman B. Allen. The executors retained Charles R. Train and J. O. Teele. The will was allowed in the probate court and an appeal taken to the Supreme Court. There the will was set aside. Then the executors appealed to the full bench on exceptions, but before the case reached trial it was settled.

The reason it was settled was this: By the laws of Kansas when there is no will the property of a wife all goes to her husband. The heirs were therefore fighting to break a will, which, if broken, would have left them nothing for their pains, while the legatee under the will was fighting to preserve it intact, when he was sure to get more by having the will broken. The consequence was that he settled with the natural heirs on his own terms.

"Uncle Jerry" lived a number of years to relate with satisfaction the story of his triumph. There was no such contest over his will, for he made none, the ex-governor being his only heir and the administrator of his estate.—[Boston Traveller.

The Wearing of Amulets.

Who wore the first amulet it would be impossible to say, but the adoption of a talisman to ward off evil is of very ancient origin.

Phylacteries, the Greek word for amulets, were worn by the Israelites, to which allusion is made in the Scriptures. These phylacteries were a narrow strip of parchment, on which were written passages from the Old Testament. This strip was placed in a small leathern box, and bound to the left elbow by a narrow strap. There was a smaller phylactery for the forehead, the box for which was about an inch square.

The word amulet is of Arabic origin, and implies a thing suspended. Amulets were of various kinds. The moonstone found in the desert of Arabia was worn as a talisman against enchantment by the women, who suspended it around the neck. It was a white, transparent stone, the time for searching for it being midnight.

In India a variety of gems and stones are used as amulets. The most common is the salagrama, a stone about as large as a billiard ball, and which is perforated with black. This is supposed to be found only in Gandaki, a river in Nepaul. The person who possesses one of these stones is esteemed highly fortunate; he preserves it in a clean cloth, from whence it is sometimes taken to be bathed and perfumed. He believes that the water in which it is washed, if drank, has the power to preserve from sin. Holding it in his hand, the dying Hindoo expires in peace, trusting in a stone.—[Detroit Free Press.

Wonders of a Ton of Coal

Besides gases, a ton of coal will yield 1,500 pounds of coke, twenty gallons of ammonia water and 140 pounds of coal tar. Destruction of the tar gives us 69.9 pounds of pitch, 17 pounds of creosote, 14 pounds of heavy oils, 9.5 pounds of naphtha, yellow, 6.3 pounds of naphthaline, 4.75 pounds of naphthaole, 2.25 pounds of alizarin, 2.4 pounds of solvent naphtha, 1.5 pounds of phenol, 1.2 pounds of aurine, 1.1 pounds of aniline, 0.77 pounds of toludine, 0.46 pounds of antiracine and 0.9 pounds of toluene. From the last named product saccharine is obtained which is 228 times sweeter than sugar.—[Philadelphia Press.

THE CERIS INDIANS.

CRUEL INHABITANTS OF TIBURON, A MEXICAN ISLAND.

A Race of Indians Totally Unlike Any Other Aborigines—A Wretched Bit of Savagedom.

It is a curious fact that Mexico possesses an island in the Gulf of California only a couple of miles from the mainland of the State of Sonora, and not over 30 miles from Hermosillo, the capital of the State, over which the National or State authorities exercise no authority, which has never been thoroughly explored, and which is inhabited by a race of Indians totally unlike any other tribe of Aborigines in that part of the world. Frank Oakley, who was for some years a resident of the Guaymas and other Mexican places on the Gulf, is in Los Angeles, and from him I have gleaned some facts about this little bit of savagedom, and its more wretched inhabitants, which will be of interest, not only in themselves, but in the light they throw on Mexico's indifference to its wards. The island is called Tiburon, which means "the shark," a very appropriate title when all its features are understood. Its exact location is between the 28th and 29th degree of latitude and the 34th degree of longitude.

"The island is not large," said Mr. Oakley, "its extreme length being about twenty miles, and its greatest width being something like twelve miles. It lies off the coast of Sonora separated from the mainland by a strait only two or three miles wide. Taking it as the crow flies, it is only thirty miles fron the city of Hermosillo. It is inhabited by a tribe of Indians of which less is known, perhaps, than of the Fuegians of the Southern Continent, and who are fully as low in the social scale, though not as repulsive in features as the latter.

"Notwithstanding the short distance which separates these Indians, who are called Ceris, from the mainland, the inhabitants of that State know next to nothing about them and their island has never been thoroughly explored on account of their hostility to visitors. I have seen parties of them occasionally at Hermosillo, and a suburb of that city is called after them Pueblo de Ceris.

"The island is in appearance most uninviting. It is mountainous and barren, its flora suggestive of its people, as it consists chiefly of cacti of the tuna and pitaza class which produce "prickly pears"—"besnagas,"—they are thick, round cacti growing to the size of five-gallon keys—mesquit bushes, greasewood and stuntswood trees. In a few of the valleys, however, it is said that sycamores grow and some grass is to be found.

"Jack-rabbits, quail and rattlesnakes appear like the Ceris to be natives of the island, and burros, a few cattle and a great many dogs have been imported by the Indians as a result of their raids into Sonora. No one knows how many Indians there are on the Island; but there are not thought to be over 500, and there won't be that many very long, as they are dying out. They live on fish principally, and do not hesitate to eat those which have been cast upon the sands by the sea, even if they are more or less decayed. They will also eat most any kind of animal, not being particular whether it was killed for that purpose or not. Some few years ago they were very hostile, and would not allow any one to land on the island, and even as yet, no exploring party has ventured to go any distance inland, so forbidding are they an i so treacherous. They would cross to the mainland occasionally and make forays on the ranches, but the rurales punished them severely several times, and of late they have maintained a sullen sort of good behavior. The Mexicans have only one naval vessel on this coast, you know, the Democrata she is called, a small rickety wooden steamer; but she is a wonder to these Indians, and when she occasionally steams past, they seem to realize that there is a power which could be brought to bear on them which they could not resist. When they visit Hermosillo, they always travel in squads, and sell bows and arrows and singing birds, and steal what they can.

"Their nearest neighbors among the aborigines are the Cahuillas of Lower California; the Cowpohs of Lower Colorado, and the Yaquis of Southern Sonora, but to these they bear no resemblance. They are different in contour of the face and head; in size they are smaller, and in cleanliness, industry and intellect they are not to be compared, and their language is totally different. On the island they are most inhospitable, and show it plainly. When parties are not strong enough to inspire respect they will not be permitted to land at all, and I have heard of several cases in the last ten years of their murdering shipwrecked sailors who had sought refuge on their shores. As they are extremely treacherous and use poisoned arrows for weapons, whose slightest scratch means a horrible death, the Mexicans leave them severely alone. Private individuals have no business relations with them, and Government officials can make nothing out of them.

"In former times the Ceris were in the habit of making trips as far down as the environs of Guaymas, and they would steal whatever came in their way, from a cow or a steer to a burro or a goat, a horse or a mule to a dog or a cat, and would eat their booty. They got the reputation of being cannibals, if the occasion offered, and would kidnap children boldly. In this manner a number of little ones were stolen from their parents during the years that passed before the savages were cowed, and their fate can only be surmised."—[New York Tribune.

A Clever Tow Horse.

A Washington driver says that there is an old gray hill horse there that sometimes cannot get back to his accustomed place at the foot of the hill in time for the next car. "This horse has nothing to do with the blue line, and knows the difference between the blue and the brown cars. If he is on his way back to the starting point and sees a brown car coming, this shrewd animal will turn around and stand alongside the track waiting for the car to reach him. No amount of coaxing can induce him to move, but after the car reaches him he will 'pull like a Major' until he reaches the top. Then he returns to his post, and when he again sees his car coming turns and gets into position.

"A day or two ago the hill boy, instead of walking back with the horse or riding him, as was his usual custom, jumped on a car and rode down. The horse saw this and stopped half way up the hill and would not move until the boy came after him. Whenever the boy rides on the car the horse stops half way down the hill, but when the boy remains with him the old gray purses the even tenor of his way until he reaches the bottom."—[Our Animal Friends.

The Making of a Lens.

The greatest refracting telescopes yet known are made by Alvan G. Clark of Cambridgeport, Mass. So fine is the work required on the lenses of these instruments that the glassmakers commenced work on two disks, from which a 40-inch lens is to be made, four years ago, and only one has, as yet, been sent to Mr. Clark.

If there is the most minute speck of any kind in the glass it is rejected. A disk of forty inches in diameter and ten inches thick cost $8,000. After Mr. Clark has determined what curve to give the glass, an iron casing is made of the size and shape required. The disk is revolved upon this and ground with steel crushings. Next sight courses of emery and an adjustable tool are used and at this stage measurements are made with an instrument that measures one thirty-thousandth of an inch.

The final shaping is made with beeswax and rouge, and even the bare thumb does its part in the polishing. The lens must be so exact in its curve that every ray striking it shall center at a predetermined mathematical point.—Public Opinion.

Tecumseh's Tomahawk.

Mrs. Lizzie Skinner of West Point Ky., is said to be the possessor of the tomahawk of the famous Indian chief, Tecumseh. At the battle of the Thames, where the warrior was killed, was a soldier from New York named John Hanes, who said that he saw the chief fall by a rifle shot fired by Colonel Johnson, and that he (Hanes) afterward spoiled the body of its tomahawk and knife. The veteran gave the tomahawk and a minute account of it to John R. Bramblu as a precious heirloom, and he gave it to his son, Morgan Bramblu, who got "cranky" in his old age, and concealed the weapon behind the plastering in his house, refusing to talk about it or admit that he had it. He died December 30, 1891, and the tomahawk by his request became the property of Mrs. Skinner. It is a very queer old weapon, half British hatchet and half Indian tomahawk. The handle is of well-seasoned and hard walnut and is fastened into the iron head with a brass eye, which is a quarter moon, the emblem of the chief. The story seems a little doubtful, as it is known that Johnson, being down and about to be tomahawked by Tecumseh, shot him with a pistol.—[Picayune.

What Sustains the Moon.

What is it that prevents the moon falling? That is the question which now lies before us. It is assuredly the case that the earth continually attracts the moon. The effect of the attraction is not, however, shown in actually drawing the moon closer to the earth, for this, as we have seen, does not happen, but the attraction of the earth keeps the moon from going further away from the earth than it would otherwise do. Suppose, for instance, that the attraction of the earth were suspended, the moon would no longer follow its orbit, but would start off in a straight line in continuation of the direction in which it was moving at the moment when the earth's action was intercepted.

What Newton did was to show, from the circumstances of the moon's distance and movement, that it was attracted by the earth with a force of the same description as that by which the same globe attracted the apple, the difference being that the intensity of the force becomes weaker the greater the distance of the attracted body from the earth. In fact, the attraction of the earth on a ton of matter at the distance of the moon would be withstood by an exertion not greater than that which would suffice to sustain about three-quarters of a pound at the surface of the earth.—[Good Words.

Russian Weddings.

First the bridegroom's parents satisfy themselves that the bride can spin and does not limp. A few days before the wedding the bride is taken to bathe by her friends and companions. The soap used at the time is a present from the bridegroom. The bathing sponge, through which ribbons are passed, is carried on a long pole in front of the bride. The young woman sings as the procession advances. The platform of the bathing-house is sprinkled with beer. It depends upon the odor from the beer whether the groom is to be a henpecked husband or not. As soon as the bridal procession enters the church on the day of the wedding the bride and bridegroom start down the aisle in a mad race. There is a tradition that whichever one places the foot first on the cloth in front of the altar is to be master in the house.

In some governments the young wife is obliged to pull off her husband's boots in the presence of the guests as proof that he is master. A whip—placed there purposely—falls from the boot and the husband strikes the wife with it three times. After this greeting he kisses her. The Russian peasant values his wife for her economical properties.

Not far from Aleppo is situated the little town of Orfah, the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, which is of great historical interest, having been the birthplace of Abraham, the patriarch. There are but few Jews in the place. The Arabs point out a small stone structure, lying just outside of the town, which they declare is the identical house where old Abraham first saw the light. On account of this fact the building is called Beft El Chalil (The house of the friend of God).

FOR THE CHILDREN.

PONY AND RIDER.

I'm a bold little Ranger,
I do not know danger,
Nor worry, nor sorrow, nor fear.
I ride on a saddle
Straight up and astraddle,
And chase the old cows far and near.
I have a fine pony,
He's nimble and bony,
And sees from all sides of his eye.
When he scares up a rabbit,
I'm quite sure to grab it,
And carry it home for a pie.
—[New York Advertiser.

BIRDS HAVE THEIR LOVE STORIES.

A lady who is fond of birds picked up a young sparrow which had fallen from its nest, fed it from her own mouth and at night placed it in the cage with her canary. The canary at once bestowed upon the newcomer all the attention of a mother and nestled beside the little stranger during the night. In the morning the lady placed the chippy in the window, so it might have the privilege of regaining its freedom. It plumed its tiny wings and went away.

The canary mourned during the day as if he had lost his mate. In the evening the chippy came back and perched upon the window. The sash was raised and it flew in and nestled upon the cage. The canarry struck up his liveliest notes and seemed gratified. This was repeated two or three days, the chippy going each morning and returning in the evening. One day it went away and did not come back. The canary drooped and the next day fell dead from his perch in the sunshine that played over the gilded cage in the window. The little creature died for love.—[Baptist Recorder.

DOGS THAT CAN TROT.

Dogs that can trot in fast time are somewhat rare, but Canada holds one and the United States possesses another. The result is that there has arisen talk of an international race between the two rapid canines.

The dog that trots under the British flag is named Doc, and is owned and driven by Willie Ketchum, of Brighton, Canada. Doc is an old campaigner, and has trotted exhibition heats at races and agricultural fairs for several years. He pulls a tiny sulky, and on ice or hard track he can trot half a mile in one minute thirty-one seconds, and a quarter in forty-five seconds. Doc is rather a small setter, but his stride is said to be extraordinary. From two to four furlongs is the distance the Canadian wonder usually covers.

The proud upholder of the stars and stripes is a pointer owned by Willie Circe, of Carson City, Nev. The dog is only two years old, but before he was much more than a puppy his young master had discovered that he always trotted whenever hitched up. One day Circe raced with and pased his father's trotting stallion, Black Prince, on the main street of Carson City, much to the elder Circe's discomfiture, and from that day to this the fame of Nevada's trotting dog has waxed greater and greater. Neither dog is allowed to trot more than half a mile at a time.—[Atlanta Journal.

ICEBERGS.

When I was a boy I studied about the "rivers in the ocean"—just as some of you have been studying during the last year, how the Arctic Current sets out of Davis Strait and down the Labrador shore, then on into the Atlantic. How it brings with it the icebergs and smaller pieces of ice which are called floe. How it comes in contact with the Gulf Stream so that for a considerable distance southeast of Greenland there are two distinct currents in the ocean waters—a lower, the Arctic Current, moving southwardly, and an upper, the Gulf Stream, creeping toward the north. The floe-ice, floating within a hundred feet of the surface, is beaten back against the shore of Labrador by the surface stream, but the icebergs, because of their greater depth, are carried forward toward the equator by the under current. This is all explained in your geographies and you remember about it.

I am going to tell you about the icebergs I saw last summer when the steamship City of Rome was nearing the Newfoundland Banks. About eleven o'clock we could just discern in the far north what seemed to be a cloud or smoke. 'Twas an iceberg, thirty miles away when it was nearest to us. This was in sight an hour. When nearest, looked about fifty feet long by twenty-five or thirty feet high.

As we came from dinner there was another one south of us fifteen miles away, which was so near that it looked like a huge snow bank with a hollow in the northeast corner. Through a glass this hollow was of a green cast. Before this iceberg was out of sight away in the eastern distance a "cloud as it were a man's hand" appeared. As it came nearer we found it would pass closer to us than either of the others. It was so grand I wished a picture of it, and went to my satchel for the kodak. When I got on deck there was the grandest white monument just before me I ever saw. By this time other kodaks were at work, sketch books were out, glasses were raised and many were drinking in a sight they had never seen before. No pen description can convey an idea of its beauty. Pure white, sloped as a vast tomb, perpendicular walls, toward the top wrought upon by the sun till there seemed to be castles, pillars and spires all pictured in ice. It was simply a grand work of divine art.—[Farm Feild and Stockman.

An Electric Dairy.

A gentleman of leisure in England has taken up dairy farming as a hobby, and after visiting the best dairies on the Continent of Europe and securing the best advice as to machinery and utensils, has just built a dairy, the like of which has never been seen. The building, which is of Carrara marble, is fitted throughout with electric light, and all the motive power for separators and churns and washing purposes is supplied by electricity. The opening of this palatial edifice was peformed with great ceremony by the Lady Mayoress of London, and is expected to mark the beginning of a considerable extension of scientific dairying. —[New York Commercial Advertiser.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Heaven's Glories."—(Farewell Sermon in London.)

TEXT: *"The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."*—Proverbs xxx., 28.

Permitted as I was a few days ago to attend the meeting of the British Scientific Association at Edinburgh, I found that no paper read had excited more interest than that by Rev. Dr. McCook, of American, on the subject of spiders. It seems that my talented countryman, banished from his pulpit for a short time by ill health, had in the fields and forest given himself to the study of insects. And surely if it is not beneath the dignity of God to make spiders it is not beneath the dignity of man to study them.

We are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars shining from January to January calls out not so many remaks as the blazing of one meteor. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bat darting into the window on a summer eve. Things of ordinary sound and sight and occurrence fail to reach us, and yet no grasshopper ever springs, upon our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle, no mote ever floats in the sunbeam that pours through the crack of the window shutter, no barnacle on ship's hull, no burr on a chestnut, no limpet clinging to a rock, no rind of an artichoke but would teach us a lesson if we were not so stupid. God in His Bible sets forth for our consideration the lily, and the snowflake, and the locust, and the stork's nest, and the hind's foot, and the aurora borealis, and the ant hills.

In my text inspiration opens before us the gate of a palace, and we are inducted amid the pomp of the throne and the courtier, and while we are looking around upon the magnificence inspiration points us to a spider plying its shuttle and weaving its net on the wall. It does not call us to regard the grand surroundings of the palace, but to a solemn and earnest consideration of the fact that "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."

It is not very certain what was the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it the exquisiteness of the divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace and looks around and sees the spider on the wall and says, "Away with that intruder," and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying, "What a loathsome thing it is." But under the microscopic inspection I find it more wondrous of construction than the embroideries on the palace wall and the upholstery about the windows.

All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes. We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses or chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimeter of the lightning.

I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond lily. I love to track His footsteps in the mountain moss, and to hear His voice in the hum of the rye fields, and discover the rustle of His robe of light in the south wind. Oh, this wonder of divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple blossom, and tune a bee's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a firefly, "Let there be light;" and from holding an ocean in the hollow of His hand, goes forth to find heights and depths and length and breadth of omnipotency in a dewdrop, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight hurricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web

You may take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God, but I shall take the leaf holding the spider and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze and look and study and am confounded I will kneel down in the grass and cry, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Again, my text teaches me that insignificance is no excuse for inaction. This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace; what can I do amid all this gold embroidery? I am not able to make anything fit for so grand a place, and so I will not work my spinning jenny." Not so said the spider. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." Oh, what a lesson that is for you and me! You say if you had some great sermon to preach, if you only had a great audience to talk to, if you had a great army to marshal, if you only had a constitution to write, if there was some tremendous thing in the world for you to do—then you would show us. Yes, you would show us!

What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to snuff the candle because he could not be a high priest? What if the humming bird should refuse to sing its songs into the ear of the honeysuckle because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun? What is the raindrop should refuse to descend because it is not a Niagara? What if the spider of the text should refuse to move its shuttle because it cannot weave a Solomon's robe? Away with such folly! If you are lazy with the one talent, you would be lazy with the ten talents. If Milo cannot lift the calf he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order for promotion, but you cannot be a general until you have been a captain, a lieutenant and a colonel. It is step by step, it is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke that our Christian character is builded. Therefore be content to do what God commands you to do.

God is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to be found chiseling a grain of sand, or helping a honeybee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tingeing a shell in the surf, or shaping the bill of a chaffinch. What God does, He does well. What you do, do well, be it a great work or a small work. If ten talents, employ all the ten. If five talents, employ all the five. If one talent, employ the one. If only the thousandth part of a talent, employ that. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." I tell you if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere, you would be indolent and insignificant in a large sphere

Again, my text teaches me that repulsiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You would have tried to kill the spider that Solomon saw. You would have said: "This is no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web, let it do so down in the cellar of this palace or in some dark dungeon." Ah! the spider of the text could not be discouraged. It clambered on and climbed up, higher and higher and higher, until after awhile it reached the king's vision, and he said, "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." And so it often is now that things that are loathsome and repulsive get up into very elevated places.

The church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The King of heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible, her beams are of cedar, and her rafters of fir, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace—the church of God is, and yet sometimes unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—evil speaking and rancor and slander and backbiting and abuse, crawling up on the walls of the church, spinning a web from arch to arch, and from the top of one communion tankard to the top of another communion tankard. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light and love and pardon and grace; yet a spider in the palace!

Home ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of everything royal. Kindness, love, peace, patience and forbearance ought to be the princes residing there, and yet sometimes dissipation crawls up into that home, and the jealous eye comes up, and the scene of peace and plenty becomes the scene of domestic jargon and dissonance. You say, "What is the matter with the house." I will tell you what is the matter with it. A spider in the palace.

A well developed Christian character is a grand thing to look at. You see some man with great intellectual and spiritual proportions. You say, "How useful that man must be!" But you find amid all his splendor of faculties there is some prejudice, some whim, some evil habit that a great many people do not notice, but that you have happened to notice, and it is gradually spoiling that man's character—it is gradually going to injure his entire influence. Others may not see it, but you are anxious in regard to his welfare, and now you discover it. A dead fly in the ointment. A spider in the palace.

Again, my text teaches me that perseverance will mount into the king's palace. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb in Solomon's splendid residence, but it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations—the throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it that many of those who are down in the dust of sin and dishonor shall gradually attain to the King's palace. We see it in worldly things.

Who is that banker in Philadelphia? Why, he used to be the boy that held the horses of Stephen Girard while the millionaire went in to collect his dividends. Arkwright toils on up from a barber shop until he gets into the palace of invention. Sextus V toils on up from the office of a swineherd until he gets into the palace of Rome. Fletcher toils on up from the most insignificant family position until he gets into the palace of Christian eloquence. Hogarth, engraving pewter pots for a living, toils on up until he reaches the palace of world renowned art.

The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worth looking after or considering as compared with the fact that we, who are worms of the dust, may at last ascend into the palace of the King Immortal. By the grace of God may we all reach it. Oh, heaven is not a dull place. It is not a wornout mansion, with faded curtains and outlandish chairs and cracked ware. No, it is as fresh and fair and beautiful as though it were completed but yesterday. The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it.

I do not know but that Christ referred to the real juice of the grape when He said that we should drink new wine in our Father's kingdom, but not the intoxicating stuff of this world's brewing. I do not say it is so: but I have as much right for thinking it is so as you have for thinking the other way. At any rate, it will be a glorious banquet. Hark! the chariots rumbling in the distance, I really believe the guests are coming now. The gates swing open, the guests dismount, the palace is filling, and all the chalices, flashing with pearl and amethyst and carbuncle, are lifted to the lips of the myriad banqueters, while standing in robes of snowy white they drink to the honor of our glorious King.

"Oh," you say, "that is too grand a place for you and me." No, it is not. If a spider, according to the text, could crawl up on the wall of Solomon's palace, shall not our poor souls, through the blood of Christ, mount up from the depths of their sin and shame, and finally reach the palace of the eternal King?

Years ago, with lanterns and torches and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave is a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes; cascades falling from invisible height to invisible death. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave, stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful.

Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the summit surface of the earth.

The guide after awhile takes you into what is called the "star chamber;" and then he says to you, "Sit here;" and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns and placing it in a cleft of the rock there, is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim, "Beautiful! beautiful!"

Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern and wanders on and wanders off until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning until it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist, and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterraneous, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror The grave is no such place as that to me, thank God! Our divine guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and after awhile we look up, and behold! the cavern of the tomb has become a king's star chamber.

And while we are looking at the pomp of it an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in a stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and as that gate flashes open you find it as one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God that through this Gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulcher has become the illuminated star chamber of the King! Oh, the palaces! the eternal palaces! the King's palaces!

A GREAT deal of the unoccupied farming land in the older States is now relatively far above the prices of equal or better land in the newer States which have, within the past few years, been made accessible by railroad building. Agriculturists, instead of remaining on this Eastern high-priced land, find it to their advantage to go further west on cheaper but good land, where railway facilities enable them to reach markets.

ARABIAN HORSES.

These Famous Steeds Have No Written Pedigrees.

Mr. H. C. Merwin, who has written some interesting papers for the Atlantic Monthly about horses, has a paper on "Arabian Horses." Speaking of the pedigrees, he says:

The Arabs have no written pedigrees; it is all an affair of memory and of notoriety in the tribe. Certain alleged pedigrees of Arabian horses, couched in romantic language, and represented as carried in a small bag hung by a cord around the animal's neck have been published; but these are forgeries, gotten up probably by horse dealers, Egyptian, Syrian, or Persian. The breeding of every horse is a matter of common knowledge, and it would be impossible for his owner to fabricate a pedigree so as to deceive the natives, even if he were so inclined. The Bedouins, it seems necessary to admit, are in general great liars; and they will lie (to a stranger) about the age, the qualities or the ownership of a horse, but they will not lie about his pedigree, even when they can do so with impunity. To be truthful on this subject is almost a matter of religion, certainly a point of honor, in the desert.

How far back do these pedigrees run, and what was the origin of the Arabian horse? These questions it is impossible to answer definitely. The Bedouins themselves believe that Allah created the equine genus on their soil. "The root or spring of the horse is," they say, "in the hands of the Arab." This pious belief is shared by a few generous souls in England and America, a small but devoted band, who gallantly defend the cause of the Arabian horse against his only rival, the modern English thoroughbred. Chief among these faithful was the late Major R. D. Upton, who visited the desert himself, and who has recorded his experiences and his views. Major Upton concluded that the horse was found in Arabia, "not later than about one hundred years after the deluge, * * * if, indeed, the did not find his way there immediately after the exodus from the ark, which is by no means improbable," and this probability the author then proceeds seriously to consider. According to Major Upton and a few kindred spirits, all other breeds are mongrels, and the only way to obtain horseflesh in its best and purest form is to go back to the fountain head, to the horse of the desert.

A New Artificial India-Rubber.

About eight years ago the hydrocarbon "isoprene," which had previously been identified among the products of the destructive distillation of crude rubber, was discovered among the volatile compounds obtained by the action of moderate heat upon oil of turpentine. Isoprene can be reconverted into true elastic rubber by the action of strong acids, such as muriatic. Dr. Tilden, who originally made the discovery referred to, not long ago produced from turpentine a quantity of isoprene, which after being kept for a few weeks became thick and syrupy, with lumps of hard, elastic substance floating in it. These lumps proved to be true rubber, and are supposed to have been formed by the accidental presence of acetic or formic acid in the solution. This rubber appears to be analogous in every respect to the natural product, and is equally susceptible of vulcanization.

The discovery has been followed by experiments to ascertain the feasibility of manufacturing rubber from turpentine on a commercial scale. An interesting field for experiments has been opened up by this discovery, for if, as is possible, other resins are similarly susceptible of conversion into elastic compounds, products possessing properties of peculiar value may be developed, and in any case the dearth of rubber which has existed for some time in consequence of the wholesale destruction of rubber forests is likely to give no further cause for alarm.

The True Cure.

There are two ways of dealing with the evils in the world which we justly deplore and wish to abolish: one is to attack and try to break them down forcibly, the other to dissolve or exhale them by the active presence of good. The former of these methods appears so much the more direct and obvious that it generally gains the first place in our attention. We see a wrong, and our impulse is to crush it; we see injustice, and we long to exterminate it; we observe an unrighteous institution, and we desire to overthrow it. The slower and less direct method of overcoming evil with good, of substituting a better way for that which is bad, of devoting the same energy to building up that we would have given to the work of tearing down, obtains a gradual hold over us only with time and experience.

PROFESSIONAL base-ball is on its last legs. It has been worked to death, and there will be no very general regret at the announcement of the funeral.

THE man who does not brag on himself usually has reason to.

No Wonder

People Speak Well of Hood's. "For a long time I was troubled with weak stomach. **Indigestion and Dyspepsia.** I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not felt so well all **Mr. R. J. Brundage.** over for years. My food seldom troubles me now. My sister also took Hood's Sarsaparilla with very pleasing results. I don't wonder people speak well of **Hood's Sarsaparilla.** Don't see how they can help it." R. J. BRUNDAGE, Norwalk, Ct.

N.B.—Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

DR. JULIAN ALTHAUS has an article in the Contemporary Review on "Influenza," in which he gives us a guarded promise of a comparative immunity from the disease during the life of the present generation. This view is based upon his belief in the purely contagious character of the disease. The bacillus of influenza, which, he states, was recently discovered by Preiffer of Berlin, grows first outside the human system. It is not known what is the original home of the bacillus, or why it breeds only every thirty or forty years. It has been said by some authorities to be of Russian origin, and to be the result of the wretched sanitary condition of portions of that country. But such conditions always exist there, while the influenza only comes at long and irregular intervals. Another theory has attributed the origin of the recent epidemics to the Chinese inundations of [illegible] and 1889; the vast number of drowned cattle and uprooted trees left by the inundations is held to have formed a focus of decomposition. It is true that what we call "Russian influenza" the Russians themselves call the "Chinese cold." The Chinese origin of the disease, however, is disproved by the fact that China was not the first country to be visited by the epidemic, but the last.

THE position of the body during literary composition has always been a matter of great concern to authors. Charles Kingsley and numerous other writers of distinction found that their ideas flowed most freely when they stood on their feet slowly pacing the room, while one eminent composer did his best work sitting bolt upright in a gilded drawing-room chair, attired in his finest clothing, and an American poet of note rests on his spine, his feet high in air, to write his most enjoying verse. On this point Dr. Lander Brunton has made some investigations that entitle him to the world's gratitude, for he thinks that he has thereby discovered the secret of having ideas at will. In the course of his experiments he placed himself in various positions and found that his mental activity was greatest when he lay flat on a table. Then ideas bubbled up in his mind. By and by he thought that, as he was doing so well in a reclining position, he might sit up, but it would not do. "The moment," says the doctor, "that I raised my head my mind became an utter blank; so I put my head down again flat on the table and finished my article in that position."

OUR "youngest Congressman" is necessarily more than twenty-five years old, in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, but the British House of Commons has members several years younger. One of the newly returned members, William Allen, is twenty-one, and Frederick Smith and Mr. Dalziel are not yet twenty-four. They do not break the record of political precocity, however, for William Pitt was only eighteen when he made his maiden speech in the House—the speech that led Burke to say that the young orator "was not a chip of the old block, but the old block itself."

DR. PATSCHEFF, of Moscow, has discovered what he claims to be a certain cure for cancer. M. Patscheff has treated two ladies, one of whom is a member of the court at St. Petersburg. Both ladies had been treated in Paris, Berlin and elsewhere, but found no relief until they were taken in hand by the Russian physician. Dr. Patscheff's system is based upon a course of sulphuric baths. He will soon make a report to the Academy of Medicine here upon the results already secured.

A VERY notable exhibit at the World's Fair will be that relating to public institutions of charity and their work. This will be made under the auspices and direction of the Bureau of Charities and Corrections, which was created for this purpose some time ago by the Exposition authorities. Nathaniel S. Rosenau, the superintendent of this Bureau, estimates that in the United States the annual expenditure for public charitable institutions is fully $125,000,000, and that not less than $500,000,000 is invested in buildings and equipments for carrying on the work of such institutions.

THERE will be an unprecedented boom in the shipbuilding yards on the shores of the great lakes this winter. It is said that the vessels under contract for the season 1893 will aggregate 47,000 gross tons. Most of them will be constructed of steel or iron, the day of the wooden ship on those fresh water seas having gone by. The tendency also is towards great carrying capacity, but it has not had the effect of discouraging building, as was predicted by the smaller shipping firms. On the contrary, even they have come to the conclusion that the lake trade increases so fast that vessels must be launched from the yards in quick succession to keep up with it. The contracts referred to call for passenger as well as freight boats, which would seem to indicate that the business of water transportation, once so lucrative, is reviving. The steamship service next year between Duluth, Chicago, and Buffalo promises to be a great improvement in point of speed and convenience over the present service. The prospect of the World's Fair, it is said, has not so much to do with this development as the increase of tourists who are being attracted by the scenery and summer resorts of the lakes.

THE Macon (Ga) Telegraph gives an interesting description of the farm of Mr. W. O. Wadley, in Burke County, Ga. He has 2,000 acres in corn, 1,700 acres in cotton, and a fine herd of cattle. He raises everything on a big scale. He has already thrashed 2,500 bushels of oats from this year's crops, and has several barns filled with oats in the shock. Mr. Wadley's experiments in raising corn are interesting. The rows in a part of his crops are six feet, another seven feet, and another ten feet apart. The corn in the ten-feet rows was given eighteen inches in the drill, and this promises by far the best yield. Mr. Wadley's idea is that corn must have plenty of room for the air and light to strike it.

THE September issue of Scribner's Magazine may be called an American Number. Every contribution is by an American.

PROFESSOR WALLACE of Edinburgh tells the British Association, in session at London, that, according to his belief, the American wheat trade with Europe is yet in its infancy.

A Quiet Tip for the Fool Killer.

There is a new idiot in town. He manifests himself on the streets in a peculiarly obnoxious and aggravating way. His particular hallucination is that he is unusually bright and clever and that he is showing it in a brilliant and original way. His manner of doing it is to secure a piece of ice, not too large to be carried conveniently in one hand. Armed with this he passes rapidly along the sidewalk, touching the hands of as many people as possible with the ice. The victim gives a sudden start, jerks the touched hand, and looks around angrily for the pest. But the idiot is wise enough to maintain a rapid gait, and so far has escape the fate which the fool-killer has in store for him.—Chicago Times.

A WOMAN is never so apt to wish she was a man as when she sees one get up from the table, and walk away without a backward look or thought of the dishes.

No man who wears a long look on his face has a right to wear a short coat.

Foundation for a Factory City.

"Four railroads, one a belt line, and two fuel-oil pipe-lines are sure to make a big city here," said Jay A. Dwiggins & Co., of Chicago, when they founded Griffith. They were right. Four factories located at once, new houses and stores are going up daily.—Chicago News.

The deepest perpendicular shaft is in the Kuttenberg mine in Bohemia, 3778 feet deep.

Sample Package Mailed Free.

Address *Small* Bile Beans, New York.

A buried city has been discovered near Ironton, Ohio.

Constipation cured by *Small* Bile Beans.

A shower of flies fell at Mount Joy, Penn., recently.

Cure for Colds, Fevers and General Debility, *Small* Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle.

The mole can swim excellently and it often sinks wells for the purpose of obtaining water to drink.

LADIES needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

The new testament was first printed in Irish in 1602.

ANYONE would be justified in recommending Beecham's Pills for all affections of the liver and other vital organs.

A colored man lives longer in the South than he does in the North.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

It cost the present Emperor of China $10,000,000 to get married.

J. A. Johnson, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There are 3,000,000 blind people in Europe.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Boschee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble." ⑨

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Rheumatism,

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Impaired digestion, gout, bilious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

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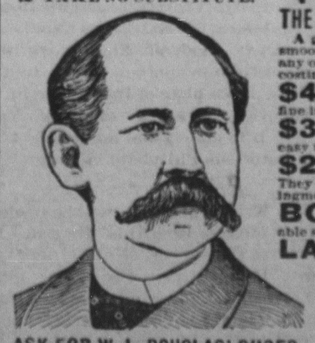

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$4 and **$3 Hand-sewed,** fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at these prices. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $6 to $12.

$3.50 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all others who want a good heavy calf, three soled, extension edge shoe, easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.

$2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and **$2 Workingmen's** Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.

BOYS' $2 and **Youths' $1.75 School Shoes** are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at these prices.

LADIES' $3 Hand-Sewed, $2.50, $2 and **$1.75** Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $6. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CHRISTOPHER HEYDRICK, Venango.

FOR ELECTORS AT LARGE.
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FOR CONGRESS.
G. F. KRIBBS.

For Associate Judge. C. A. FAULKNER.
For Legislature } JNO. T. McCORMICK. } JAS. SCHOFIELD.
For Prothonotary W. F SMITH.
For District Attorney W. J. SINGER, Esq.
For County Surveyor HORACE B. HERRING.

THE FARMER IS NOT IN IT.

Pittsburg Post.

The claim of some of the protectionists hereabouts that a protective tariff "nourishes land values" is fairly met in figures we get from board of equalization. Every ten years this board, representing every senatorial district of the State, meets to equalize the assessment of lands, and separately of the buildings thereon. The report for 1890, published some months ago, makes an eloquent and curious showing when put alongside the figures of 1880. The value of the farm lands of the State of Ohio in 1880 was $684,000,000, and in 1890 but $569,000,000, a decrease in ten years of $115,000,000; yet in these ten years the population of the State increased 500,000, or over 14 per cent. Ohio is a manufacturing State, and manufacturers have increased greatly in number and importance there in the past decade. Protectionists logic would require that the "home market" thus brought to, the farmer's door should enhance the value of his land by increasing the demand for his products, but the fact is that while the protected manufactures have increased the farm values have gone down $115,000,000. Protection for the higher prices it puts on the manufactured articles farmers buy.

Another fact. While county values have been increasing the value of city real estate in Ohio in 1880 was $412,000,000, while in 1890 it was $580,000,000 an increase of $128,000,000. The tariff lords prefer, it seems, to spend in the cities their income derived from farmers.

What is true of Ohio is even more strikingly true of Pennsylvania, as it is greater manufacturing State, and therefore on the home market theory the farmers should be more prosperous. The facts are that purely agricultural lands have fallen away in value in a greater proportion in this State than in Ohio, even when they are within sight of the smoke of the great protected industries. Good farms do not command the prices now they did in 1850, although the population of the State has much more than doubled. The farmer for his surplus non-perishable products must meet Liverpool prices, the cheapest in the world, and at home compete with the west, where are the cheapest land in Americans. No intelligent class of people was ever humbugged by a greater delusion than the home market theory that has made so many of the Pennsylvania farmers protectionists. They have the home market but at Liverpool prices. Protection is not in it until the farmer goes to buy his farm and household supplies; then he straightway runs against a tax levied for some protected millionaire.

Republican protection means the greatest good to the least number. It will be observed that it differs materially from Jeffersonian Democracy.

O'Donnell, the leader of the Homestead strikers, has been refused bail, and is now held in jail to be tried for murder. O'Donnell may now have time to reflect over his criminal folly, and see visions of a long term in the penitentiary before him.

The high tariff shriekers are in a ridiculous quandery how to face the farmers in this campaign. They pledged great prosperity through high prices that were to follow a high tariff. The farmer has the high tariff but the prices for his products never were lower.

Bellefonte and the Tariff.

Bellefonte has just such industries as a high tariff was represented to help and make the town boom. What is the reason that Bellefonte and its industries are as flat as a flounder altho there has been a protective tariff for twenty-five years?

Will any high tariff business man of Bellefonte explain why the life has been knocked out of that town, why its empty store rooms, why its idle glass works, why its closed nail works, why its abandoned car shops, why its other industries are lagging?

Come, you high protective tariff men, get up and explain why your high tariff has failed in its mission at Bellefonte and all over the country.

The Republican guns are spiked. High tariff is unpopular and the Force Bill is infamous in the sight of all honest men. Their guns are spiked—they cannot even raise a flash-in-the-pan.

The Republican county heelers have not yet been able to pick a flaw in the characters of the nominees on the Democratic county ticket. Centre county is good for 800 majority.

The Schuylkill County Commissioners at their triennal assessment, raised it from $32,000,000 to $72,000,000. The method they pursued was to raise the farm properties 50 per cent., the town properties 100 per cent. and the coal properties 240 per cent.

MR. CLEVELAND'S ACCEPTANCE.

The letter of Grover Cleveland is like the man—strong, straight forward, sensible, honest. It takes up the issues of the canvass in their order and defines his own and the Democratic position upon them simply, clearly and in a manner to leave no doubt in any candid mind as to his convictions or his party's purpose.

Mr. Cleveland's statement of the objects, powers and limitations of our republican government is Jeffersonian in its philosophy and Jacksonian in its expression. Whether treating of tariff reform—which he declares "is still our purpose',—or of Federal interference in elections, of the currency, the civil service, individual liberty or foreign relations, Mr. Cleveland is simply and sturdily Democratic.

The protection in which he believes is "the protection of the people in the exclusive use and enjoyment of their property and earnings"—a definition which goes to the root of the question at issue. Taxes "representing a diminution of the property rights of the people," he declares, "are only justifiable when laid collected for the purpose of maintaining our Government and furnishing the means for the accomplishment of its legitimate purposes and functions." The new Republican dogma "that tariff taxation is justifiable for the express and intent of thereby promoting especial interests and enterprises" is vigorously condemned as "clearly contrary to the spirit of our Constitution." The application of the Democratic policy is outlined with prefect clearness in a manner entirely consistent with Mr. Cleveland's position hitherto. There is no dodging nor surrender in his letter. He relies upon the intelligence of the people to protect them from being "frightened by the spectre of impossible free trade."

Mr. Cleveland's treatment of the currency question is wise and right. He maintains that "the people are entitled to sound and honest money, abundant in volume to supply their business needs," and that with "every dollar of the same intrinsic or purchasing power" both gold and silver "can be safely utilized upon equal terms."

The ex-President speaks a good word for civil-service reform and for "our worthy veteran soldiers and for the families of those who have died," but he rightly insists that "our pension roll should be a roll of honor, uncontaminated by ill-desert and unvitiated by demagogic use.

Several minor issues are briefly but satisfactorily touched upon, and Mr. Cleveland then refers confidently to his record as a public servant for a further understanding of his views and his rule of conduct.

It is an admirable letter—the plain talk of a plain American citizen to the plain people. It is a sufficient campaign document in itself for all who honestly desire light as to Democratic principles and purposes.—New York *World*.

Dave Martin, a disreputable Philadelphia thug Republican, ballot box thief and ballot box stuffer, and corrupter of voters, has been sent over to New York to debauch voters there, and do all dirty work necessary to carry that state for Harrison. No better use can be made of New York sole leather than to apply it lively to the sitting-down place of Dave Martin.

Let the Democrats of New York watch him closely and make it hot for the notorious Philadelphia thug.

Mr. Kribbs, of course, will be re-elected to congress from this district. He deserves the support of all honest voters. He was true to the public interests in all his votes and always at his post. He did not consume the time of the House by idle gab, which is too much the case by some members, who get off windy speeches and do some very windy voting too. It is a pity there are not more men of Mr. Kribbs' good common sense and common honesty, sent to congress.

The New York apportionment has been declared constitutional, by the General term of the Third Department of the Supreme court which handed down a decision in the Legislative apportionment case of George C. Carter, of Utica, against Frank Rice, Secretary of State.

The motion and application for a mandamus and injunction were denied and the apportionment by the extra session was declared constitutional. The opinion was by Mayham P. J., and Justice Herrick. Justice Putnam expressed no opinion, not having had time to examine into the case.

Whether a pauper can vote was decided in the court at Holidaysburg, last week. The application of Daniel McConnell, an inmate of the almshouse, to have his name placed on the voters' register, was denied. The court held that paupers are not entitled to franchise. In other counties it has been decided that paupers can vote. Who is right?

"The greatest good to the greatest number,"—men of all parties advocate that principle. From the foundation of our government, down to this day, the popular vote of the people of the United States has been in favor of the Democratic party and a low tariff, in every presidential campaign. Certainly the voice of the people of this country should be respected in regard to the tariff question.

Chairman Harrity said that Senator Hill's speech will be sent broadcast over the country as a campaign document. The National Committee has ordered 100,000 copies of the speech printed.

Bourke Cockrain will make 35 speeches for Cleveland in New York State during October. Senator Hill will do his stumping in Virginia and South Carolina.

No Sunday Cigars.

The recent crusade of the Bellefonte dominies against the Sunday papers, has spread itself to the cigar stores, and the ministers recently made the rounds of town and requested all the proprietors to abstain from selling the soothing weed on Sunday. All but one assented and upon him the wrath of the community will be heaped. The Sunday papers are still being sold and the ministers threaten to have the violater of the old blue Sunday law arrested. It is a senseless crusade against the Sunday papers, and the promoter s of the crusade should have the later day enlightenment.

All Kinds of Advice.

Since the picnic is over and the same summed up by the different papers in the county, all kinds of advice has been tendered the committee to make the picnic a success. Some advised a race course for trials of speed, the offering of premiums, etc. This is all very well and the advice costs nothing, but if the managing committee followed to the letter the suggestions tendered, the picnic would not bear that name any longer.

Tourist Trip.

Round trips to the Pacific Coast.

Short trips to the Mountain Resorts of Colorado.

The Great Salt Lake.

Yellowstone National Park—the most wonderful spot on this continent.

Puget Sound, the Mediterranean of the Pacific Coast.

All reached via the Union Pacific System. For detailed information call on your nearest Ticket Agent or address

E. L. LOMAX,
Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent.
Omaha. Neb.
t. f.

Died at Boalsburg.

The estimable wife of Adam Hosterman died at the home of her husband in Boalsburg, on last Saturday evening. Mrs. Hosterman had been stricken with paralysis, which resulted in her death. She was a daughter of John Musser, dec'd., and was aged about 52 years. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning from her late residence and was largely attended.

A Big Failure.

The Wilcox paper manufacturing company, the oldest paper house in the country, has failed in consequence of the quarantine of rags, which raised the price 100 and 150 per cent. The company had large contracts to fill, taken before rags went up, and were unable to fill them at their given rates. The house, which was established in 1711, has been in the Wilcox family continuously since that date.

Read It.

Lyon & Co., of Bellefonte, in this issue appear with a colum statement of plain facts to the people, of the bargains to be had at their large store. Read it, and profit thereby.

Fine Weather.

The weather for a week or more has been fine and pleasant. The days are inclined to be warm while the nights are only a trifle cold.

In Demand.

Potatoes are much sought after at forty and fifty cents on track.

LYON & Co.

:—: ARE :—:

- IN EARNEST -

The very best thing out—500 Boy's Suits at $1.25. They are given away at that price.

—o—

Men's Winter Pants, strong and good, worth $2 elsewhere, we half give them away at $1 per pair.

—o—

The very place to buy Boys' Clothing is where you can find a big stock of good goods—no end to our line of Cheviots and Cassimere Suits, double breasted, perfect fitting, well made and trimmed. Price, look! $2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, and 8.00.

—o—

Young man, come and see us when you want a stylish, nobby, elegant fitting suit. We have all the new things in clothing. Our stock is fresh and clean and we never before had such an attractive line. Price, from $5 to $25 a suit.

—o—

The greatest line of Dress Goods, Cheviots, Serges, etc. *Send for samples.*

—o—

We have over two hundred different styles of Ladies,' Misses, and Children's Winter Coats. There is not such a stock outside of Philad. or New York, and we will ship same on approval, by express C. O. D., with the privilege of examining same before paying for them, by the purchaser paying expressage one way.

—o—

We have organized a Mail Order Department. Send for samples of new Dress Goods. We have an immense line.

—o—

Look at our line of low priced goods. Say you want something cheap for common wear, a men's suit at $3.50, —a winter coat for $1.50 and $1.75.

—o—

We have suits for little, wee toddlers. Ye fond mothers come and see our Jersey Suits in navy blue, bottle green, brown, trimmed in braids and embroideried—$2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 and 6.00. All sizes, 3 years up.

—o—

Ladies, no matter how hard you may be to please in a coat, come and see our stock. We are sure to please you. There is not a style and price we do not have. Fur trimmed, $5, 5.50, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 12.00 and 15.00. Plain of any sort and from $3 up. Bound in wide braid at all prices. Misses' hoods in light colors, trimmed in light furs—fur loops, etc. Little girl's reefers and long coats from $1.50 up.

—o—

Chenile table covers rrom $1.25 to $5. A beautiful line. Table scarfs by the hundreds.

LYON & CO.,

Bellefonte, - Pa.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF sundry orders of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale at the residence of Eve Dashem, deceased, late of Potter township, on

o—o SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, '92 o—o

at 1 o'clock, p m the following described real estate: A fine farm situated about one mile south of Penn Cave station, and 2½ miles west of Spring Mills, adjoining lands of John Dauberman, J. C. Bible, John Grove, W. H. Lucas, and others, containing

)—(100 ACRES, AND 10 PERCHES)—(

and an allowance of 3 per cent, 60 acres of which is cleared and the balance is well timbered with pine, hemlock, chestnut, rock oak, etc. Thereon erected a

—— GOOD HOUSE AND BARN ——

and good outbuildings, A good spring and well on the premises, also choice fruit, and convenient to churches and public schools.

Terms of sale. One-half cash and the residue in one year with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHEL,
Adm'r of Sarah Dashem, and Ex'r of Catharine and Eve Dashem, dec'd.
H. H. HERSHBERGER,
Guardian of Harvey R. Royer.
JOHN KLINE, Att'y.

EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Will be offered at public sale, at the residence of B. H. Arney, one and one-half miles east of Centre Hall, Pa., on

o—o TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, o—o

At one o'clock, the following described real estate of Jacob Arney, dec'd.

NO. 1.—A farm located one mile east of Centre Hall Borough and R. R. Station on L. & T. R. R., containing 82 acres and 132 perches, being of the best land in Potter township, 72 acres of which are in a very good state of cultivation and the balance is young growing timber. The improvements consist of a good Dwelling house, Wash house, Bank barn, Wagon shed, Corn crib. Pig pen, etc. Two streams of water running across the farm and a cistern at the door. Choice apples and other fruit. A very desirable home.

No. 2.—A farm situated on the Brush Valley road, two miles east of Centre Hall, containing 176 acres and 3 perches. 125 acres of which are well fenced and in excellent state of cultivation. The balance, about 51 acres, is woodland. The improvements thereon are a large Frame Dwelling house, Wash House, and other outbuildings, an extra large Bank barn, Wagon and Buggy sheds, Corn crib and Pig pen. Constantly flowing water from the pipe at both house and barn. Over one hundred apple trees, forty of which are of bearing age, with plenty of other fruit on the premises.

No. 3.—The undivided one-half of a town property located on Church street, in the borough of Centre Hall, containing 48 square rods. Thereon erected a Frame Dwelling house, large Stable, and necessary outbuildings. A cistern in the yard and good fruit on the premises.

No. 4.—The undivided one-half of 21 square rods (more or less,) of land situated on the Brush Valley road, adjoining the eastern line of Centre Hall borough and property of Byron Garis. No improvements.

Terms of sale. One-third of the purchase money to be paid cash on confirmation of sale. One-third in one year, and the balance in two years with interest. Five per cent. of purchase money to be paid as soon as property is sold. The deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

J. J. ARNEY & B. H. ARNEY,
Executors of estate of Jacob Arney, dec'd.
W. A. SANDOE, Auctioneer.

NOTICE.—WHEREAS, THE TOWN COUNcil of the borough of Centre Hall on the 3rd day of September, A. D., 1892, voted to increase the indebtedness of the said borough of Centre Hall by four thousand dollars, for the purpose of erecting or purchasing water works for the use of the said borough of Centre Hall. And whereas, the said town council directed that notice should be given to the electors of the said borough of Centre Hall that an election should be held on the 8th day of November, A. D. 1892, in the said borough for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the electors of the said borough to such increase of indebtedness, now therefore take notice: that an election shall be held for the purpose aforesaid at the usual polling place in the said borough of Centre Hall on the said 8th day of November A. D. 1892.

The amount of the last assessed valuation of the said borough of Centre Hall is $120,000.
The amount of the existing debts is $——
The amount of the proposed increase is $4000
The percentage of the proposed increase is $.03⅓

The purpose for which the indebtedness is to be increased is for the erection or purchase of water works for the use of the said borough of Centre Hall.

JOHN F. ALEXANDER,
President.
R. D. FOREMAN,
Secretary.

ORDINANCE.—BE IT ORDAINED AND enacted into an ordinance by the Town Council of the borough of Centre Hall, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by the authority of the same.

Sec. 1st. That the treasurer of the borough of Centre Hall is hereby authorized and directed, provided a majority of the electors of the said borough of Centre Hall at the next general election to be held Tuesday November 8th A. D. 1892, assent thereto, to borrow $4000 and thereby increase the indebtedness of the said borough of Centre Hall by the like amount; which sum of money is to be used in the erection or purchase of water works for the use of the said borough of Centre Hall.

Sec. 2nd. That the said Treasurer be authorized to issue bonds of the said borough of Centre Hall to secure the said sum of money above directed to be borrowed.

Sec. 3rd. That the clerk of the council of the said borough is hereby directed to give notice of the aforegoing ordinance, and of the election to be held by reason there of on the 8th day of November A. D. 1892, at the usual place of holding elections in the said borough of Centre Hall, for at least thirty days in the CENTRE HALL REPORTER, the only newspaper published in the said borough of Centre Hall.

Attest FRED KURTZ, JR.
Burgess.
R. D. FOREMAN, Clerk.

AUDITORS NOTICE.—THE AUDITOR APpointed to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of John J. Arney one of the executors of Jacob Arney, late of Potter township, deceased, and also the account of B. H. Arney, and to make distribution of the balance in their hands, to and among those entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office at Bellefonte, on Tuesday the 27th day of September, 1892, at ten o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper or be debarred from making claim on said fund.

D. F. FORTNEY,
Auditor.
sept8-4t

FOR SALE CHEAP AND ON EASY TERMS.—A full Roller Process, Short System, Steam and Water power grist mill. Also four tracts of Mineral lands, underlaid with Coal, Fire clay and limestone. Contains from 100 to 300 acres each all located on Pittsburg Division of B & O. R. R. Enquire of

SAMUEL PHILSON,
Berlin, Somerset County, Pa.
aug 11-2m

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of James Grove, dec'd., of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

W. F. REARICK.
J. P. GROVE,
Administrators.
sep1-6t Spring Mills.

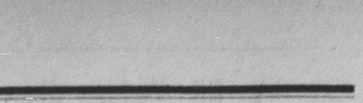
NOTICE—THE FIRM OF KURTZ & SON, in the milling business has been mutually dissolved. The books will remain in the hands of Fred Kurtz, for settlement,—all parties interested are requested to make settlement at once.

FRED KURTZ.
W. L. KURTZ.

The business will be carried on as heretofore at the mill, by the undersigned, trading as Kurtz & Son.
sep22-3t FRED KURTZ.

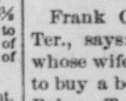
For many years Mr. B. F. Thompson, of Des Moines, Iowa, was severely afflicted with chronic diarrahœa. He says: "At times it was very severe; so much so that I feared it would end my life. About seven years ago I chanced to procure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. It gave me prompt relief, and I believe cure me permanently, as I now eat or drink without harm anything I please. I have also used it in my family with the best results." For sale by J. D. Murray Duggist.

DOCTOR
J. B. HOBENSACK'S



MEDICAL OFFICES,
206 N. SECOND ST., Philadelphia, Pa.
Are the oldest in America for the treatment of
Special Diseases & Youthful Errors,
Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Ulcers, Runnings, Discharges, Stricture, Bladder, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, permanently cured by improved methods without detention from business. The doctor's success is due to his lifelong experience and study; his remedies are vegetable remedies used and to the fact of his examination and watchful attention given patients during treatment. A 40 years' reputation with our guarantee of success.
Treatment by Mail a Specialty.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., 6 to 9 P. M. All letters answered promptly. Sundays 10 to 12 A. M.
Name this paper every time you write. (Copyrighted.)

$25 NEW HIGH ARM Favorite Singer



LOW ARM, $20.00

Drop leaf, fancy cover, two large drawers, nickel ring and a full set of Attachment equal to any Singer Machine sold from $40 to $60 by Canvassers. A trial in your home before payment is asked. Buy direct from the Manufacturers and save agents' profits besides getting certificates of warrantee for five years. Send for testimonials to **Co-operative Sewing Machine Co., 201 S. 11th St., Phila., Pa.**

WE PAY FREIGHT.

Oregon, Washington and the Northwes Pacific Coast.

The constant demand of the traveling public to the far West for a comfortable and at the same time an economical mode of traveling, has led to the establishment of what is known as Pullman Colonist Sleepers.

These cars are built on the same general plan as the regular first-class Pullman Sleeper, the only difference is that they are not unholstered.

They are furnished complete with good comfortable hair mattresses, warm blankets, snow white linen, curtains, plenty of towels, combs brushes, etc., which secure to the occupant of a berth as much privacy as is to be had in first-class sleepers. There are also separate toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and smoking is absolutely prohibited. For full information send for Pullman Colonist Sleeper Leaflet. E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Omaha Neb. t. f.

A Cure For Paralysis.

Frank Cornelius of Purcell, Ind. Ter., says: "I induced Mr. Pinson, whose wife had paralysis in the face, to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. To their great surprise before the bottle had all been used she was a great deal better. Her face had been drawn one side; but the Pain Balm relieved all pain and soreness and the mouth assumed its natural shape." It is also a certain cure for rheumatism, lame back, sprains, swellings and lameness. 50 cents bottles for sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

Sixty Million Bushels of Wheat.—A Bushel for very Inhabitant of the United States. The Kansas Crop of '92.

Never in the history of Kansas has that state had such bountiful crops as this year. The farmers cannot get enough hands to harvest the great crop and the Santa Fe Railroad has made special rates from Kansas City and other Missouri River towns, to induce harvest hands to go into the state. The wheat crop of the state will be from sixty to sixty-five million bushels and the quality is high. The grass crop is made, and is a very large one; the early potatoes, rye barley and oat crops are made and are all large. The weather has been propitious for corn and it is the cleanest, best looking corn to be found in the country to-day. Cheap rates will be made from Chicago St. Louis and all points on the Santa Fe east of the Missouri River, to all Kansas points, on August 30 and September 27, and these excursions will give a chance for eastern farmers to see what the great Sunflower State can do. A good map of Kansas will be mailed free upon application to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago Ill., together with reliable statistics and information about Kansas lands 3

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

A MAN . . . . .

Always seek tomake investments fromwhich he can receive the most in return in benefits or dividends. $1.50 invested in a year's subscription to the "Reporter" will greatly benefit him and he will advidend declared each week on the investment.

TWO FIRES.

The Flames Get in their Destructive Work This Week.

On Tuesday morning, fire was discovered in the store building of the Enterprise Store Co., at Walker's Settlement, several miles from Milesburg, and the building was burned to the ground. The building was also occupied as a dwelling house. The occupants were unable to save any of the household goods. The loss is covered by an insurance.

On Tuesday evening, two stables were destroyed by fire at Bellefonte. They were occupied by Joshua Folk and Frank Strunk. The buildings were insured.

State College Opening.

The Pennsylvania State College opened last week with over 250 students, of which sixty were in the Freshman class. A new chair of agriculture has been added for home study under Director Armsby, of the State experiment station. The chair of modern languages has been filled by Professor Thayer, of John's Hopkins university; Latin and Greek by Prof. Gill, and agriculture by Prof. Wallers, of the Missouri State university. Lieutenant McCaskey has been appointed commander-in chief of the military department.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drugstore.

Marriage Licenses Granted.

Following is a list of marriage licenses granted during the past week.

William M. Gates and Esther M. Franell, both of Gatesburg.

William O. Gramley, of Rebersburg, to Nellie M. Hazel, of Madisonburg.

Wilmer C. Cerstetter and Cora A. Auman, both of Coburn.

Dazid A. Survers and Sarah McClellan, both of Philipsburg.

Charles F. Cook, of Bellefonte, and Ellen J. Marshall, of Benner township.

Andrew M. Mott, of Bellefonte, and Odillie A. Rolley, of Milesburg.

A RAILROAD WAR ENDED.

Pennsylvania and Beech Creek Harmonize in the Snowshoe District.

The railroad strife waged between the Beech Creek and Pennsylvania roads, in the Showshoe district, has been settled by the Lehigh Valley coal company agreeing to make all shipments over which ever road is the most direct line to its markets. The injunction granted against the Beech Creek will be withdrawn by the Pennsylvania and the former is allowed to cross the latter's tracks wherever necessary.

Not Many Being Killed.

The squirrel season being ripe, our sportsmen don't seem to take full advantage of it, and comparatively few have been killed. It is reported that the rodents are plenty along some parts of the mountain but no big hauls have been made. So far Charley Arney and Frank Ross have been the most successful, but the number killed by them we have failed to learn.

Special Return Train.

A special train will be run to Bellefonte from Mifflinburg, on Tuesday, October 4th, for the accommodation of those who desire to attend the centennial celebration of that town. The train will leave Mifflinburg at 9 o'clock p. m., and stop at intermediate stations. The train will leave Mifflinburg after the firework display.

He Changed It.

A school boy brought to his teacher a letter from a physician stating that "This boy is unfit to attend school for 304 days." The long and exact period aroused the teacher's suspicion and he discovered that the physician had written "3 or 4 days." The boy had changed it to "304 days."

Real Estate Sale.

B. H. Arney and J. J. Arney, executors' of estate of Jacob Arney, dec'd., will offer at public sale the real estate of said deceased on Tuesday, October 25th, on the farm of B. H. Arney, east of Centre Hall. The tracts are of the finest land in the valley and of the most productive.

No Heavy Frosts.

So far this season we have had no very heavy frosts, but as there is little growing vegetation, no damage can be done by them.

A Favorable Outlook.

The grain fields look very fine just now and full of promise.

——Lewins counters are loaded with a new stock of clothing for fall and winter. The Philad. Branch always in the lead for new goods and low prices.

——The latest styles in clothing at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte.

We Can't do it

but are willing to pay for learning how to make as good an article as WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING of **cheap** material so that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c.

Our price is 20c.

The retailer says the public will not pay it. We say the public will, because they will always pay a fair price for a good article. To show both the trade and the public that we want to give them the best for the least money, we will pay

$10,000.00 Reward

For above information; this offer is open until January 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Pik-Ron is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint can do. *New wood* painted with it looks like the natural wood when it is stained and varnished.

PAINTERS AND BUILDERS will find it profitable to investigate. All paint stores sell it.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Perfect Success. VII

The Rev. A. Antoine Refugio, of Texas, writes: I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 7, 1891.

Before I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I could not sleep nights and had a numbness of the legs, arms and sometimes all over the body, but after taking the second dose of your Nerve Tonic I could sleep well, and in three days all numbness was gone and have not felt it since.

FERDINAND BRENN.

274 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, March, 1891.

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M. L. RISHELL,
Executor.

aug18-6t

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Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 22, 1892.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.23 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 2.00 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore 5.20 p. m., Washington, 4.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m 5 Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a m Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.23 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.:

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.40 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore, 9.00 a m, Willkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 2.25 p m, Baltimore 4.30 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.23 p m. Through Parlor Car from Philadelphia week days.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.20 p m, Washington 10.00 p. m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. PM	PM	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
2		5 50	Montandon	9 20		4 55
2 20		6 20	Lewisburg	9 10		4 45
2 30		6 30	Biehl	9 00		4 37
2 37		6 35	Vicksburg	8 53		4 32
2 47		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 43		4 22
2 52		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 09
3 15		7 08	Glen Iron	8 17		4 02
3 47		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 43		3 30
3 58	7 25	7 53	Coburn	7 32	7 10	3 18
4 06	7 32	8 01	Zerby	7 24	7 02	3 10
4 15	7 50	8 10	Rising Spring	7 16	6 54	3 02
4 23	7 58	8 18	Penn Cave	7 10	6 48	2 54
4 28	8 03	8 24	Centre Hall	7 03	6 42	2 47
4 34	8 09	8 32	Gregg	6 57	6 36	2 40
4 40	8 16	8 37	Linden Hall	6 50	6 30	2 32
4 45	8 20	8 42	Oak Hall	6 45	6 25	2 27
4 49	8 24	8 46	Lemont	6 41	6 22	2 22
4 53	8 28	8 51	Dale Summit	6 37	6 17	2 18
5 02	8 37	9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 28	6 09	2 08
5 06	8 40	9 04	Axemann	6 25	6 05	2 04
5 10	8 45	9 10	Bellefonte	6 20	6 00	2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.20, 5.35 and 7.45 p m, turning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a m, 10.25 a m. 5.05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8.05 p m

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SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

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A PAIR of "Siamese twins" from India will be exhibited at the World's Fair. These twins are pretty girls, who have been taught to play several musical instruments, to sing, and even to dance. They are joined together as were the Siamese twins, but the junction is of bone, and not of skin and flesh merely, as was the case with the Siamese twins. This junction, too, is four inches long and about four inches wide, resembling somewhat the form of a hump, and this keeps their chests and little stomachs apart. With this difference they are as well formed as any other child, even down to their nails. Of course, they are forced to stand facing one another, and their four little hands either rest on the point of junction, or are placed on each other's shoulders. They stand as if leaning on one another, and walk in a peculiar manner, the one advancing pushing the other backward, or both moving sideways, and, as a matter of course, locomotion is very slow. When they sit down their legs are doubled under them in a way suggestive of pain and discomfort. They eat separately, but both feel hungry at the same time, and when they lie down both fall asleep together. They are also apparently moved by the same ideas, the one concluding a sentence the other has begun. Radhika and Dhudhika, for so they are called, are so much alike in features that it is hardly possible to distinguish them. They were born in a village called Noapara in the Angul district, in Orissa, and their parents had four children before the twins were born, and one since. None of these, however, is in any way defective. When it became known in the village that these children were born so joined together, the villagers declared that they were an incarnation of the devil, and no one would go near them through fear; they refused to tell the parents, who were very poor, anything; nor would any one give any sort of help. The Tahsildar, however, in spite of what the Brahmins said to deter him, went to their house and helped them in time to save their lives, and suggested to them that they might make money by exhibiting the children. This they did, and at the time their present manager got hold of them they were exhibiting the phenomena in the far interior.

"I SAW an odd sight in Luzerne County a few days ago," said Eckley B. Coxe of Drifton to a Philadelphia Times writer. "Six mules that had for four years hauled cars in the lower workings of a colliery, to and from the foot of the shaft, had to be brought up owing to the flooding of the mine on account of fire. The mules in all that time had seen no light stronger than the flicker of the little Davy lamps the miners carried. The sun was in the zenith when they reached the surface and the atmosphere was as clear as crystal. "The astonished creatures closed their eyes to shut out the flood of strong light, and kept them tightly closed while they were driven to a pasture lot a mile distant and turned loose. There they stood trembling, as if they were afraid something evil was about to befall them. Presently they half-opened their eyes and peeped around in actual open-mouthed amazement. It was clear that they couldn't understand it. When they became accustomed to the sunlight they elevated their heads and slowly swept culm piles, mountains, sky and horizon again and again. Toward sundown they broke in a chorus of joyous brays, the like of which was never heard from mules before. "After a quarter of an hour of that music they took to kicking, jumping, whirling about like teetotums and rolling on the sod as though they had gone mad. For four days they spent their time staring at the new sights of field and sky, refusing food and water, not nibbling at the grass and not as much as blinking an eye in sleep. After they had looked enough their appetite and thirst returned and they became common everyday mules, but while they were skygazing hundreds of people went to see their didos."

AT noon the other day, says the Shanghai (China) Mercury, Harmston's Circus was thrown into consternation. The Chinese attendants who had been left in charge became panic-stricken, for in the end cage of the menagerie the famous black panther and the beautiful leopard met in mortal combat. The struggle was one never to be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness it. The panther fastened his teeth in the throat of the leopard and the fight was fierce and terrible in the extreme. To add to the awfulness of the encounter all the other animals became excited. The lions and tigers roared and rushed frantically about their cages, the monkeys kept up a terrified chattering, and the huge black bears got up on their hind legs and moved fiercely about, clawing at the bars of the cages and endeavoring with all their might to get out. The deadly struggle, however, was short. In five minutes the leopard, a really beautiful animal, lay still and vanquished, with throat and breast torn right open, and the panther retired satisfied to take the penalty of the law for willful murder. The greatest wonder of all was that the cages stood the fearful attacks of the lion and tigers. Had they not been carefully overhauled before they were placed in the circus there might have been a very serious occurrence to record.

THE piece of land in Wooster, Ohio., which has been held by every President from James Monroe to President Harrison is now in litigation. Although the Presidents have owned the land, few of them ever knew they possessed the property. Should President Harrison see this article it would probably be the first intimation to him that he owned the land. During Monroe's term Joseph H. Larwill, one of the founders of the place and proprietors of the town, deeded one of the largest and most eligible lots to him as President and after him to the incumbents of the Presidential office. It was provided that the land was to be used for a burying ground. The land was used for this purpose for many years until it became filled with graves. As the village grew it became necessary to open a road through the land. This was in the fifties. Persons were notified to remove their dead to another cemetery, and the bones of those leaving no relatives were taken up and reinterred at the expense of the town. The land was used as a public common until 1878, when the city began using it as a park. From the widow of Joseph H. Larwill, Nancy I. Larwill, who is still living here and is nearly 100 years of age, and by the deed, it is learned that the title was made to James Monroe, President of the United States, and his successors in office, in trust for the people of Wayne county, O., the land to be used as a burying ground for the purpose and to be converted to no other use, purpose, or occupancy whatever. J. Fawcett Larwill, a nephew of Joseph H., has taken possession of the land, which is now quite valuable, after having secured quit-claim titles from the aged widow and other heirs, claiming that the county having ceased to occupy it for the purposes specially provided for in the deed it reverted back to the original owner and his heirs.

THERE was an instance of remarkable nerve displayed near Noblestown the other day, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Joe Van Curen is a torpedo shooter. He handles nitro-glycerine daily, enough of it to blow himself and team absolutely out of existence. He is a young man of slight figure. Yesterday he was engaged to shoot Greenlee & Forst's No. 1 McMurray with twenty quarts of nitro glycerine. The well had been cleaned out during the forenoon, and was in good condition to flow. It was one of the biggest wells around Noblestown, and a few days ago was making 100 barrels an hour. Van Curen lowered the shell into the mouth of the well, filled it with the twenty quarts of glycerine, and was just ready to let it down to the sand when the well started to flow. To let go meant death. The glycerine would have been blown into the derrick and a deadly explosion would have been the result. Van Curen grasped the shell, and for ten minutes held it in the mouth of the well while the strong pressure of gas below was throwing the oil almost o the top of the derrick. It was one of the finest flows which the well had made for days, and when it ceased Van Curen was almost smothered by the barrels of spraying oil which had fallen upon him. His nerve saved his life.

HEZEKIAH SHEPHERD, an old man who lived at Drakeville, Iowa, has had his wishes carried out by being buried in a coffin in the shape of a chair. For the last fifteen years Mr. Shepherd had been unable to rest except by sitting in an easy chair, and in that position he proposed to die. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from his eccentric notion. But he ordered a cabinet-maker to construct the curious casket, which was finished before his death. It was substantially built of white oak, with walnut trimmings. He left instructions to have his body placed in this casket in a sitting posture, the wrists strapped to the arms of the casket, the limbs to its legs and the head and neck to the back. A glass panel was placed in front to expose the face of the dead man. All these instructions were carried out and the casket placed in a huge box in an upright position. The chair-casket was kept on exhibition in Mr. Shepherd's room for six weeks previous to his death, and he took especial satisfaction in displaying it to his friends. He was ninety years old, was a wealthy farmer and was loved and honored by all of Davis county.

"THERE lives, or did quite recently, near Columbia, S. C., a woman afflicted in a manner that makes one's flesh creep to think of it," says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. "For more than a third of a century she has carried a live snake under the skin of one of her arms. How the reptile first found lodgment in its queer situation is as much of a puzzle to the old lady as it is to the hundreds who have visited her for the purpose of viewing the long welt where the unwelcome creature lies encysted. "When the lady first noticed the bow-shaped ridge on her arm it was about the diameter of a pin and less than two inches in length. During the many years that it has safely nestled in her flesh it has grown from a mere thread to a snake a foot long and as large as a lead pencil. The eyes of the creature are plainly visible through the skin and the scales can be felt by rubbing the finger along the welt formed by the body. "Physicians pronounce it a most remarkable freak and have endeavored, without success, to prevail upon the old lady to have it removed."

A CURIOUS libel suit has lately been decided in Vermont, growing out of a letter addressed to a woman. When the letter came to the Post Office she was there with her husband. She opened the letter herself, and she and her husband read it together. The contents were defamatory, and the recipient of the letter brought a suit for libel against the sender. The defence was that the contents of the letter were made public by the act of the plaintiff herself in showing the letter to her husband or allowing him to read it, and, hence as the publication was her own act, she was not entitled to recover. This view has been sustained by the Supreme Court of the State.

IN some of the big restaurants of Russia there is a pool of water, in which various kinds of fish swim about. A patron of the restaurant who desires fish goes to the pool, points out the particular one he wishes, and in an instant the waiter has captured it with a dip net and sent it to the chef.

A RUSSIAN nobleman, in St. Petersburg, suspected of conspiracy, received a midnight visit from some officers. He was blindfolded, whirled into a close carriage, and for seven days and nights the vehicle was traveling, the only stoppage being when he and his guardians took food. He thought he had reached the border of Siberia when the carriage halted, and he was led forth. The bandage was removed from his eyes, and he saw that he was at his own door. The whole affair was a trick to cure him of the desire to aid the government's enemies. It was a success.

In 100 years $500 worth of pennies would only be worth $250, so quickly does copper money wear away.

HOW COLUMBUS WAS WRECKED,

And How He Was Treated by the Hospitable Aborigines.

Guacanagari was eager to see more of the Spaniards, and sent numbers of his light-hearted people to welcome them and bring them gifts of every sort. Their enthusiasm was unbounded, their generosity unstinted. The land was gay with festivities, the sea swarmed with canoes. On nearing the caravels, the Indians that crowded them stood up, tendering all kinds of offerings with gestures of devotion, as in idolatrous worship.

Beholding all this enthusiasm, Columbus despatched a formal embassy to Guacanagari, and on hearing their report he determined, despite the prevailing land-breeze, to weigh anchor and sail to the dominions of his friends, which were some five leagues distant. He set out at daybreak on December 24. Little progress was made during all that day. The night came, Christmas Eve, and Columbus determined to celebrate it, as best befitted his own health and the comfort of his own crew, by enjoying a sound sleep. He retired, worn out by three nights of vigil following three days of herculean labor. Sweet must have been his rest! His discovery of that new world whose very existence had been denied, the endless upspringing of Eden-isles, the simple races bound to nature by such mysterious ties and soon to be brought into the fold of civilization and Christianity, must have filled his mind with happy dreams on this the first restful Christmas Eve he had passed in thirty years of titanic contest with all the world, and at times even with his own self. It was midnight, when the echoes of childhood and of times long past fill the slumbering ear. The heavens smiled, and the sea was calm. The sailors slept soundly, sure of their bearings and sea-room because preceded by the little fleet of skiffs and canoes sent by Columbus to the Indian King. A ship's boy held the helm, so assured were they all of the fairness of the weather and the safety of their course—when the flag-ship suddenly struck upon a sunken reef. Columbus instantly divined his peril, and hurried on deck. With lightning rapidity he gave orders to cut away the mast and throw the cargo overboard. But the remedy was futile; it was no mere stranding, it was a wreck. With the desertion of the Pinta and the loss of the Santa Maria, only the smallest and frailest of the three caravels that had set sail from Palos remained. He went on board the Nina, and sent a fresh embassy to Guacanagari, giving an account of the disaster, while he stood off and on till day broke. When the chief learned the misfortune, he sought in every way to alleviate it, sparing neither means nor sacrifice. Disastrous indeed it was to face such superstitious races, who confided in the prosperity and success of the supernatural, with the slender remnants of such a wreck, which showed how the sea overcomes all created things and bows us all to its sovereign power. But the sentiment of hospitality was uppermost in that faithful tribe and in their kindly monarch. All the succor needed in that sad hour, and all requisite provision for the future, were given to the sufferers with admirable orderliness. The salvage of the wreck was piled on shore and, under the chief's orders, scrupulously guarded by the natives as though it were their own. The cargo was rapidly discharged and stored in a place of safety, without the loss of a pin's point.—[Emilio Castelar, in the Century.

Proper Care of Carriages.

Attention to little details in the care of a carriage will much prolong its days of usefulness. The wearing portions of the axles should be well and frequently oiled. In a new wagon the axles should be oiled after every twenty-mile run. Wipe off the skeins with a woolen cloth, also remove all oil and dirt from each end of the hub. For light vehicles, use castor oil. For heavy wagons, the prepared axle grease is far superior to soft grease. Never allow a wagon to be used until so dry that it creaks, as the vehicle then needs increased power to move it, and there is damage to the axle and hub in the rapid wear.

In all light wagons use leather washers to take up the wear on the ends of the hubs. If the fifth wheel has been properly constructed, no oil will be needed on it. The thill coupling should be kept in good repair and close fitting. All bolts should be kept in place, and rattling of any portion thereby avoided. Do not allow mud to remain long on the painted surface. A few pails of water dashed on the wagon, when the mud is damp, will usually rinse off most of the dirt, and by the use of the small hand spraying pump it can be left in a presentable condition with but little or no use of the sponge. If mud is allowed to dry on the carriage, it soon deadens the luster of the varnish and renders the paint less durable.

If possible, all wagons should stand upon an earth surface when not in use. The moisture in the soil prevents shrinkage of the woodwork of the wheel, and the tire is thus kept close fitting for a longer time than when standing upon a wooden floor. Paint first wears off from the side of the felloes, and on wagons much used this portion should be painted or oiled at least every spring. —[American Agriculturist.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRALS.

Outside and Inside They Are Gorgeous Beyond Description.

From all parts of St. Petersburg, writes Frank G. Carpenter, you see the great domes of the Russian cathedrals, and their gold-plated surfaces catch the rays of the sun and their golden spires pierce the sky everywhere you look. Their interiors are gorgeous beyond the dreams of Monte Christo, in gold and silver carvings and decorations, and the treasuries of the churches, contain jewels and treasures equal to those of the cave of Aladdin. Take the dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral. It is of copper and it is of nearly the size of the dome of the Capitol at Washington. It took 200 pounds of gold to plate it. The gold leaf which is spread over the interior was hammered out of more than 100 pounds of gold. There are solid silver fences about the altar of that Cathedral, and there are a hundred and more candelabras in it as high as your head and made of wonderfully worked silver. About its holy of holies, into which women can never go, are Corinthian pillars of malachite facings, worth $100,000, and each square inch of these pillars, which extend upward as high as the roof of your house, is of fine enough stone to make a brooch and to set in gold. There are two columns here inside the malachite ones of lapis lazuli, which are no bigger around than your sweetheart's waist, but which cost $15,000 apiece, and I might fill this page with descriptions of the gold bases of the massive granite columns, the golden clothes of the gorgeous ikons and of the gilt and glitter of this cathedral alone. It is wonderful in its symmetry and beauty and semi-savage oriental splendor, but it has been softened by the hand of art till it ranks with St. Peter's at Rome as one of the two finest cathedrals of the world. Its cost all told has been nealy $20,000,000, and it took a solid million to make its foundations. Still it is only one cathedral of a number in St. Petersburg, and it is but a type of the gorgeous splender of a religion which has perhaps a stronger hold upon its followers than any other religion in the world. All its churches are filled with precious metals, and without going into a description of those of St. Petersburg I will mention a few of their wonders which I saw in a half day's drive. In the Kazan Cathedral, which cost $3,000,000 in 1811, I found a silver balustrade in front of the golden altar which weighed half a ton and which was made of the Russian plate which Napoleon Bonaparte seized when he took Moscow, but which he had to throw away on his famous retreat. The Cossacks gathered it up and gave it to this cathedral. On the door or screen of the altar of this church the name of the Almighty is engraved in precious stones, and there is a painting of the Virgin set with jewels worth $75,000. The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the other side of the Neva, has a great spire plated with pure gold and its interior is gorgeous in gold and silver. I wandered into a monastery yesterday, where the golden doors of the chapel were open and the black-gowned monks were at prayers. The golden book of the reader was on a silver stand and the wall or screen in front was one mass of gold and painting. At one side was a shrine of solid silver, which my guide told me contained more than 3,000 pounds of the pure metal and in the treasury of this monastery there is a fortune of jewels, gold and gorgeous gowns, some of which sparkle with diamonds. The vast amount of money, however, which Russia spends upon her religion is on the thousands of little chapels which you find in almost every block and in nearly every house. The sacred golden ikon, or half picture half image, some saint, the Savior or the Virgin, is found in nearly every room and there is no store or business house which has not its gold shrine, before which a light perpetually burns. Before these shrines their owners customers and guests bow, cross themselves and utter prayers many times daily, and of all the impressions I have received since entering Russia there are none so deep as those I have felt in the churches and in watching the religious evidences of the people.

LEADING THE BLIND.

Novel Occupation in Which a Number of New Yorkers are Engaged.

In such a large cosmopolitan city as New York it is not to be wondered at that there are many ways of making a living, or eking out an existence. Probably the most singular, and perhaps the least lucrative occupation is that of guiding the pauper blind whom one meets at almost every corner and in the most frequented thoroughfares in the city.

Yet there is a small army of these guides counting into the hundreds, and they consider their business perfectly legitimate. The blind men who sells lead pencils, or plays the flute or accordion, invariably has his guide. The latter may not always stand beside him at the corner, but he pilots him through the busy streets to and from his usual haunts.

The down-town headquarters of a large number of the blind men who employ guides is in a lodging house on the Bowery near Chatham square. Most of the patrons of this house are blind. The guides as a rule do not patronize the lodging house, but wait for their clients in a saloon near by, where the blind men are sure to find some waiting for a job.

The pay which these guides receive varies according to the luck which their clients may have. Some days they strike it rich, and if the blind man does not pay his guide liberally he is black-listed and will find it difficult to secure a guide next day.

Just now the guides are trying to keep on the best terms with their clients, for they know that most of the latter will receive before the end of the month, the share of the $20,000 annually divided among the blind of this city, and they expect to get a little present.

Superintendent Blake, of the Outdoor Poor, has charge of the distribution of this fund. Mr. Blake said a few days ago: "I have been receiving applications for a share of this fund since April 1 last. There are now over 500 applications in, and I think we will receive no more. I am making arrangements to pay off toward the end of the month. The expenditure of the $20,000 is provided for by an act of the Legislature, and is put in the budget of the Charities and Corrections Department.

"The applicant, in order to be entitled to a share of the money, must be an adult, must have resided in this city for two years, and must not have been an inmate of any public or private institution within the past year. I have all the applications investigated, and find it necessary to reject a great number every year. Last year each person whose application was granted received $31. This year, owing to a number of former applicants having died or moved away, those whose applications have been approved will receive between $36 and $37."—[New York News.

When a child dies in Greenland the native parents bury a living dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world.

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

Late tests show that the adhesion of glue, under favorable conditions, may exceed a force of 715 pounds per square inch.

According to a calculation published in Justice, a London paper, the entire population of the world could stand on a field ten miles square.

The largest electric light in the world is one of 180,000 candle power in the light-house at Sydney, N. S. W. San Jose, Cal., has the most powerful one in the United States, one of 24,000 candle power.

Some idea of the extent to which climate may be modified by a large body of water is given by Prof. Forel's estimate that the heat accumulated in Lake Leman during the summer is equivalent to that which the burning of 51,000,000 tons of coal would yield.

An extension of the usefulness of the clock has been sought by a St. Petersburg inventor. The dial of his timekeeper is a human face, whose mouth, by a phonograph attachment, is made to call out not only the hours, but any direction that may be left with the apparatus.

THE HOTTEST PLACES.—At Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, an extreme temperature of 180 degrees is said to have been recorded. Shikarpur, India, at times has no place cooler than 140 degrees, and at Sukkur the lowest temperature is 97 degrees. Here hot winds from the desert are sometimes so terrible as not only to kill everything in their path, but even to burn up tissue and cartilage. The Russians claim that Central Asia has places even hotter than these. In the southwestern United States temperatures of 130 degrees and 140 degrees are not uncommon.

SNAKE STUDIES.—According to Sir Joseph Fayrer, studies of the chemistry of snake poison have even yet revealed no antidote. When the full effect of the bite has been given, remedies avail little, though the virus in small quantities may be counteracted. In India the average annual loss of life from snake bites for the eight years ending with 1887 was nearly 20,000 persons and more than 2,000 head of cattle, the cobra being the most dangerous reptile. To reduce the evil, it is suggested that the habits of the snake be made better known, and that a bounty be given for each poisonous snake killed.

Italian Mountain Villages.

The little Italian hamlets that cluster on the southern slopes of the Alps are all dismal, dirty-looking places. The lower story of nearly every house is used as a stable for cattle, sheep or goats; few horses are seen on a farm.

The manner and methods of harvesting are diverse and laborious, especially those resorted to by the peasants, who are too poor to own or to keep a cow or ox; all the crops must be gathered and stored by hand.

Down a steep hillside a man and woman were seen dragging a cart heavily loaded with hay; their faces, arms and legs were so bronzed by the sun one could hardly believe them ever to have been white. In an adjoining field some women were carrying the same treasure in large baskets strapped to their backs. As they cautiously picked their way down the slope they looked like huge cocks of hay descending the mountain, the bearers, except their bare brown feet, being completely hidden by the load.

The incline is so heavy that the fields cannot be plowed; when the sods are turned over the people do it by spade. The grain is cut with a sickle. Not a blade is wasted. It is as precious to those peasants as threads of gold; if they own any domestic animal it represents their life, which in turn means food for themselves and family. Often the milk from the cow or sheep composes two-thirds of their diet; the cream is made into butter, which is sold or exchanged.

The winters are cold in northern Italy. It must not be imagined that the climate is balmy and warm, for the mercury often stands for days together, far below the freezing point. The hovels rarely have chimneys. The people cannot afford to keep large fires; a handful of twigs and some stubble cooks the food, then the coals are carefully covered until the next meal.—[New York Mail and Express.

East Indian Religions.

Some interesting facts as to the religions of British India are developed by the recent census returns. Out of the total population of 287,000,000, "Hindooism" claims 207,000,000, but this is a loose term, meaning, it has been said, "any religion which is not Mohammetan." Nature worship is very common among the ruder tribes. Islam figures with 57,000,000. Buddhism with 7,000,000, and Christianity with only 2,250,000. There are 17,180 Jews, and the Pharsees amount in all to 89,887. The Theists, Agnostics and the like are only 289 in all told. Brahmos, or professors of reformed Hindooism, count only 4,301, while the newly founded sect of the Aryans is represented by about 40,000 adherents. Considering the comparatively short time that Christianity has had access to India, the fact that it already claims nearly one per cent. of the population shows remarkable success for its missionaries.

Powder and Ball.

In battle only one ball out of 85 takes effect.

The French army boasts of four generals on the retired list who were born in the last century.

From the beginning to the end of the Civil War there were 268,000 deserters from the Union army.

The cartridges of Germany, Austria and Belgium have a groove at the end instead of an enlargement at the base, the advantage of which is that the cartridge is packed more easily.

The 15-inch aerial torpedo thrower, now introduced as a British service weapon for coast defence, resembles in appearance a powder gun, having the axis of its trunnions at or near the center of gravity of the barrel.

A new conical projectile, on being fired from a cannon and striking an object, produces a luminous disk of high candle power. It is impossible to throw the projectile over six miles, thereby effecting the sudden lighting up of the enemy's position at night.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Epitome of News Gleaned from Various Parts of the State.

EXAMINERS BERGNER and McAlarney held a meeting in the Court Library at Harrisburg for the purpose of taking further proceedings in the suit of the Commonwealth against the Reading combine. Attorney-General Hensel appeared for the Commonwealth, and M. E. Olmstead and W. B. Lamberton represented the corporations concerned.

JOHN TOUGHLAN, a young Irish sailor, while painting the masthead of the steamship Whitby off the Lazaretto Quarantine Station, fell to the deck dying instantly.

THE Allegheny County Grand Jury found true bills in the cases of the Homestead strikers. Six collective indictments were handed down against an aggregate of 167 defendants.

THE fifteenth annual session of the East Pennsylvania Synod of the Lutheran Church was held at Lancaster, nearly 150 ministerial and lay delegates being present.

THE thirteenth annual session of the State Firemen's Association was held in Hazleton.

BY mutual agreement the injunction issued at the instance of Shenandoah against the electric railway has been dissolved and the construction of the road on all the right of ways in the city will proceed. The basis of the agreement is that all the streets through which the road is to pass are to be paved with Belgian blocks, the cost to be shared by the abutting property owners, the city and railway company.

THE One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York Regiment unveiled a memorial on Culp's Hill, Gettysburg. Several addresses were made.

DIPTHERIA has appeared in Pine Grove, and two deaths have occurred. Dick, a 7-year-old son of Henry Christ, and Annie, the 6-year-old daughter of E. E. Mease, have died. A large number of people, including several whole families, are afflicted and the local physicians are kept busy.

DIPTHERIA has appeared in Franklin Eplass' family, at Hamburg. Sallie and Mary five years old, twins, died from the disease, and were buried in one grave. Two others are seriously ill.

ALEXANDER BERGMAN the assailant of H. C. Frick, was sentenced to twenty-two years imprisonment.

BENJAMIN WAGNER was arrested at Phoenixville, accused of the murder of John W. Shaffner, his employer.

THE Fifteenth Regiment has left Homestead after seventy-one days of service. But one regiment is now there.

MARTIN NOBLING of Pottsville tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat because of jealousy of his wife. After the act he awakened his wife and pointing to his lacerated throat, said "Mary I have done it at last." Little hope is entertained of his recovery.

ON October 4 Mifflinburg, the capital city of the upper end of Union County, will celebrate the centennial of its founding. Elaborate preparations are being made and organizations will be present from all over central Pennsylvania to participate in the parade.

THE inhabitants of Lost Creek, a suburb of Shenandoah, are considerably alarmed over the large number of children there suffering with typhoid fever. Benjamin Jones had one child die after a few days illness and two others of his family are in a critical condition.

THE County Commissioners and others concerned in the Pottsville court house swindle were put under bail for trial in November. Commissioner De Turk's bail was fixed at $4,000.

P. J. O'NEIL, of Gilberton, who has been ill for several weeks, coughed up a catfish five inches long. He feels much better.

Two Pittsburg workmen fell from a bridge 100 feet. One fell through a two-foot aperture into the river, thirty-five feet below. He was not hurt. The other struck on his head and shoulder, but will live.

THE Trinity Presbyterian Church at Berwyn was dedicated. It is Gothic in style and cost $16,000.

THE Clan-na-Gael is after Patrick O'Connor, of Pittsburg. He gave the information that caused the arrest of the Homestead leaders. He has not been seen since September 3d.

THE State Democratic societies met at Scranton. Chauncey F. Black was re-elected president.

THE Junior O. U. A. M. of Pennsylvania met at Easton, transacted business, and elected officers.

THE bail for Contractor Taylor, in the Pottsville Court House swindle, has been fixed at $10,000.

JOHN F. KUHLHOFF, an old farmer residing near Landisville, Lancaster County, was robbed of $300 and other valuables by three burglars, the leader being masked. He was badly beaten by his assailants.

Starvation Prices for Sewing Girls.

A garment called a blouse is, I understand, much affected at present by those ladies who aspire to be in the mode. One recommendation of this garment is, I am told by competent authority, its cheapness. Some of my lady readers may be interested to know at whose cost this cheapness is attained. There exists at 142 Lansdowne road, London Fields, a workshop for tailoresses and needlewomen, managed by a committee of ladies, and partially supported by subscriptions.

To this establishment a well-known London firm recently sent a parcel of blouses, or "Garibaldis," to be made up. Each garment was cut in 27 pieces; The workers, or in this case the workshop, had to find hooks and eyes, needles and cotton. The price offered for each garment was 4½d. To make each one would take about four hours' work. After deducting the value of needles, cotton, etc., a woman could not earn more than 1s. 3d. at this work in 16 hours. What price these garments are retailed at I do not know, but I trust that none of my lady readers will in future buy one merely on account of its cheapness. Those who do may well bethink themselves of Hood's lines:

It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.
—London Truth.

ALAS!

Alas, alas, eheu!
That the sky is only blue
To gather from the grass
The rain and dew!

Alas! that eyes are fair:
That tears may gather there
Mist and the breath of sighs
From the marsh of care!

Alas, alas, eheu!
That we meet to bid adieu:
That the sands in Time's ancient glass
Are so swift and few!

Alas, alas, eheu!
That the heart is only true
To gather, where false feet pass,
The thorn and rue!

—[Ronald C. Macfie in Granite Dust.

Hamilton Pinkney Fairfax.

AGED ONE DAY.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

At the simmering close of an August afternoon two young gentlemen might have been seen climbing out of a dog-cart drawn up in front of a whitewashed Negro shanty, on the ragged edge of a Maryland wood—very tidy young fellows, of the class whose chief claim upon the gratitude of the race lies in their lending a holiday aspect to a worn-out world. They were well-groomed, acceptably featured, and suggested a pleasant consciousness of their own worth.

The misty Blue Ridge Mountains were casting long shadows, quite in the manner of a Virgilian eclog, athwart the luxuriance of the Frederick Valley, while the broad cornfields had lapsed from a riotous gold into russet lassitude, now that the potent alchemist of the sky had majestically retired behind the line of undulating hills. The grass, too, had intensified into a bluer green, which the walls, fences and outhouses diversified with the effective white of a wash, severely economical, but of decided artistic value.

"Tom," said the younger of the two men, as he busied himself in fastening the horse to the tumble-down fence skirting a kitchen garden, "you potter around in the graveyard there while I go in and see Aunt Sarah. I won't be but a minute; and you know you hate the smell of bacon in a Negro's quarters. There are some very nice people buried there," he added, encouragingly.

"All right," said Barnard, and, turning, he strolled leisurely toward the cemetery which lay just this side of the church, unkempt and neglected. The little church was attended once a month from Frederick. The small, whitewashed box, a thin blue smoke floating indolently from its brick chimney, and its wooden porch smothered with Virginia creepers, was the abode where Aunt Sarah ate, breathed and slept, with intermittent attention to her brood, and bustling ministrations to the priest on his monthly visits.

She stood in the doorway of her castle now, her head swathed in a faded bandana, her arms akimbo. Her white teeth flashed a warm welcome on Paul Theron as he picked his way toward the door.

"Lord a-massy, ef dat ain't you, Mis'r Theron!" she cried, with a colored woman's emotionless vivacity. "I jes done thought you'd gone back to New York it's so long sence I seen you."

She flirted her checked apron across the bottom of a wooden chair, and made him sit down for a moment in the kitchen. The smell of the bacon was there, with its warm grip on the nostrils; but Theron did not mind it. It only gave him an appetite.

He found out from Aunt Sarah that Father Heber would come to the chapel the following Sunday. His sister had asked him to see when the priest would be there, as it would spare her a trip to Frederick if she could speak to him when he came to the mission.

Theron could not get away without partaking of the Negress's hospitality to the extent of a glass of milk, which she brought, cool and creamy, from the dairy, where the water-cresses grew so thickly around the spring. He pronounced it delicious as he dried his lips with a silk handkerchief. Then he shook hands with Aunt Sarah, pinched the black cheek of a pickaninny who was dragging at her skirts, and went toward the cemetery where he saw Barnard standing up to his knees in the long grass.

Barnard looked up at his approach, a broad smile parting his lips.

"Paul, just see what I have discovered," he said, as Theron tore his way gingerly through the vines and blackberry bushes. He pointed to a small, conical shaft of marble, stained yellow-white by the weather, and half a yard high. There was something amusing in the dignified stand it seemed to take among the impressive tombs whose brick walls supported thick slabs. Some of them had sunk into the earth on one side, and he letters cut into the marble were so blackened with lichens as to be almost undecipherable.

"Shades of Gulliver!" said Theron, as he caught sight of the perky shaft. "Who is the dead giant?"

"Read!" exclaimed Barnard, with his hands thrust into his pockets. "The inscription gives his whole history."

Theron got down on one knee, brushed aside the slender grasses, which rose to the full height of the monument, and cast a delicate tracery of shadow over the name:

"HAMILTON PINKNEY FAIRFAX:

AGED ONE DAY."

He rose with a smile.

"Poor little beggar! What a short inning he had, didn't he? Some of these crumbly old tombs are the abodes of past Fairfaxes. There are others around in the neighborhood still, I believe, waiting for interment. They are not quite dead enough to justify their burial yet."

"I never saw a jollier tombstone than that," said Barnard, as they made their way out of the graveyard. "It's fine to see the little man taking his place in the family line and claiming all the honors of a worthy defunct after his one day of life. Well," he went on musingly, "he escaped teething and the croup, and that sort of thing, and has a nice little monument now. Laden with so much name, too!"

Barnard was a young lawyer from New York who had run down to Frederick County to put in a few days with Theron, who had just started a stock farm there. He was a "society man," with a good position in an old law firm and a moderate, Barnard thought altogether too moderate, income. During the past winter he had conducted two or three important cases with success, and had been very *epris* with an extremely elegant woman who had an enormous "pull" in society. Barnard had really cared more for his success with the lady than his success with the law. She was beautiful, rated as wealthy, and full of the most charming tact.

Mrs. Amidon was not of the impressionable order, and the men who danced attendance on her were wont to give more than they received. Barnard's comparative success had been matter of envy.

"I can't help thinking of that little beggar," Barnard said, with a smile, as he pulled a cigar from his pocket and lit it, while Theron gathered up the reins and they drove off, followed by the open admiration of Aunt Sarah's "olive branches." "How unnecessarily he slipped into and out of life. The lifetime of a day! Most of us do little enough with a much longer span, but he did absolutely nothing! If he had been born twenty-one years old, and in New York, he might have had a fuller existence, if it were short. Poor little Jack-in-the-box!"

Two months later Barnard met Mrs. Amidon in New York at an afternoon tea. She had only returned from Europe a week before, and the newspaper accounts of her doings there had not been the most grateful reading for him. Her greeting was friendly. But Barnard had the sense that it would have been quite the same if they had chanced upon one another in an Eskimo hut at the extreme North. It was so independent of conditions. She would have said: "How do you do?" and would have made some remark about the icebergs as a timely conversational topic. As it was, she said he looked brown. Had he been yachting?

He had never seen her appear so charming. She was to him the ideal *grande dame*. Her exquisite figure could have warmed an antique statue to an envious thrill. It woke her man dressmaker to extravagant admiration. And her face was so softly, coolly beautiful. Yet her charm of manner almost made one ignore the graces of her form and face.

Mrs. Amidon resumed Barnard where the close of the season had interrupted him. He fell into his rather favored position in the line with a well-defined purpose of playing himself with such success that he could secure an enduring post at her side. He knew that she had taken him up; he meant to assume her.

By November, he felt that he had made a distinct advance. Toward the end of that month some fashionable woman gave an entertainment at which Mrs. Amidon and himself were present. The large rooms were not stuffily full. Barnard was very much at Mrs. Amidon's elbow this evening, and there were two or three *nuances* in her treatment of him which he construed delightedly as a gratified acceptance of his devotion, something so much better than if she had merely shown a consciousness of being able to command it.

Several of the people present had drawn eleemosynarily on their powers of entertaining. Somebody had played on the violin, a young woman with a brazen accent had recited something from Andre Chenier, and a Creole girl had sung two or three folk-songs of French Louisiana with bizarre quality in the lilting chant. Then Barnard stepped a little forward with a bit of paper in his hand.

"In my travels of last summer in the wilds of Maryland," he begain, in his full tones and slightly drawling manner, "I chanced upon a warrior's grave. For if, as they tell us, life is a warfare, then was he a Knight though he jousted but for a day."

Mrs. Amidon's fan moved more gently, until it came to repose. The allegory was amusing.

"He had his monument, had this knight, one proportioned to his life and deeds; for the summer grasses threw slender shadows quite across its top. This memorial shaft chronicled nought beyond the name of him who had fought the good fight, save that he waged it in a day. I thought that even so small a poet as myself might sing of this inconsequential warrior, and, if you will of your patience suffer it, I will read what for lack of better title, I have called "Verses on Hamilton Pinkney Fairfax: aged one day."

Mrs. Amidon had sunk back in the broad chair, her fan lightly resting on her bosom, till the glistening gardenias seemed veiled in a film of mourning, as if for the dear, dead summer.

" Life's fitful day is o'er, and here he lies,
Tucked fast asleep beneath his native skies,
Earth's warm, brown blanket folded on his breast,
His wisdom monumentally confessed.
For when he came, he did not like the place,
And had the wit to wander into space.
The crow of chanticleer hailed him begun,
Noon saw his prime, and twilight found him done.
Hamilton Fairfax, at the crack of doom,
Will flicker forth to judgment from his tomb,
To find how little of the Book of Life
Was needed to recount his earthly strife.
This to the world his modest shaft must say,
When it records his span of but a day:
White was his soul at dawn, as white at noon,
White when it passed, at curfew, not too soon!
Had he but known life's way he would have chuckled
That at her breast he was so briefly suckled.
Hamilton Fairfax, lucky wight were you,
To get to Heaven for what you did not do!"

There was a murmur of soft laughter as he bowed gravely at the close, and moved away. Smiling faces and mock protests met him. One volatile young woman tapped him with her fan, and cried in a high voice: "You hard-hearted thing, to make fun of that darling little creature! I didn't know whether to weep or to laugh over this abbreviated Fairfax. I watched you, and if you had shown any regret for him, I should have cried. But you didn't—not a bit!"

"Ah, Miss Worden, I spent my emotion at his grave," retorted Barnard, quickly. "You should have wept."

He was making his way, laughingly, to Mrs. Amidon. Almost as soon as the verses were done she had risen, and with willowly dignity of movement passed through the crowd to the hostess and bade her good night. There was in her a faint suggestion of what the flowers must find in the breath of the autumn. She was standing in the hall wrapped in her furs and talking volubly to three or four men as she waited for her carriage, when Barnard found her.

"Are you going so soon, Mrs. Amidon?" he exclaimed. "I hope Hamilton Pinkney Fairfax has not acted the exorcist, and driven you forth."

"How ungallant!" said Mrs. Amidon, with a brilliant smile at the other men. "Don't you remember what exorcisms are directed against? You must have been deeply stirred, Mr. Barnard, to have betaken yourself to verse. How very amusing you found that little boy. It is absurdly ridiculous to live only for a day, is it not? Good night."

She had spoken hurriedly but gayly, until the man opened the door, and with a nod she disappeared, the light falling softly in a parting gleam on the smooth coils of her hair. Barnard noted it with a sort of pain. He had wished to ask her when he could call the following day, but she had offered him no chance for speech.

There was just enough of the canker of doubt in him the next day to make him irritably impatient to see her again. He went to the large brick house on Washington Square rather early in the afternoon for a call. Her coupe was standing at the door as he approached, and when he reached the stoop Mrs. Amidon was descending the steps. She bowed, smiled, paused for a moment when she reached the sidewalk and made some remark on the lovely day as she arranged the last button of her glove. This was all she could have been expected to do; yet Barnard felt he had been relegated some rods to the rear of the position which he thought he had won for himself.

"I am unfortunate," he said. "I had hoped for some little time with you."

"I have got to make a dozen calls," she returned airily, as if this were the nearest approach to a sympathetic remark which she could volunteer.

"Won't you name some day when you will be at home to see me?" he asked, as the footman opened the carriage door.

"I am always at home Sunday afternoons," she said, suavely.

"Yes; but you have a mob of callers then," he retorted.

"They are all nice people," and Mrs. Amidon arched her brows.

"Oh, of course! But I would like so much if you would allow me to come some time when you will be alone," he urged, with a pleading look in his eye.

She hesitated a moment.

"Come Monday afternoon at five," she said, and stepped into the coupe.

He repaired to Washington Square at the designated time, feeling that he might, or might not, put the question fraught with such intense interest for him. It should depend on how he found her. He would not attempt to settle the point independently of that. His determination to speech should be the outcome of the circumstances.

As he entered the room where she was sitting, a warming sense of satisfaction made him think he would speak before he left her. The whole made such a charming picture. Mrs. Amidon was sitting in a low, broad chair of pale blue velvet. The exquisite lines of her figure had never seemed more perfect. Her dress was of heavy silk of a lusterless black with which some white fabric was combined, the severity of the gown softened by a profusion of lace.

She gave him her hand and motioned him to a seat. What a perfectly possessed woman she was, he thought; every turn, every movement, suggesting a queenly serenity. Ah, if he could call this glorious creature his!

"Do you know what a comfortable picture you make, you and your surroundings?" he exclaimed, with the passion of an artist.

"Comfortable! That is a very moderate compliment. I am a poor rival to the cat there as a picture of comfort."

She smiled slightly, as with a movement of her foot she indicated a yellow plush basket in which was coiled an Angora whose soft sides pulsated to the most blissful content.

"I should have said soothing," he hastened to amend. "That is what I meant. You breathe such a sense of repose and completeness. I cannot help thinking what a home would be with such surroundings and such a mistress. Could man ask for more?"

"One would have to consider the man, of course," she made reply, slightly arching her brows.

His gaze was bent upon her burningly, his features set to seriousness. He bent slightly toward her as he said, earnestly: "I would ask no more and would feel that I had won a heaven more blessed than I could ever deserve. Mrs. Amidon, have you not seen what I have felt so long? I am not worthy of you, but"—

"Do you know," Mrs. Amidon, interrupted, quietly, raising her hand a little, "I should like to tell you a little story. Do you think you care to hear it?"

"I shall be charmed," said Barnard, assuming an attitude of attention.

"Ten years ago," Mrs. Amidon began, after a moment's pause, in softly modulated but perfectly distinct tones, and with her eyes fixed on the great log burning in the fireplace, "a girl of seventeen married a boy of twenty. They loved each other in the most simply ardent fashion. The girl was poor, the young fellow had expectations from a wealthy grandfather. Seven months of perfect happiness followed this union, although the grandfather saw good to frown upon it severely. Then," Mrs. Amidon went on, folding her hands upon her lap, "the husband, who was still the lover, died. One month later the grandfather died also. When his will was read it was found that he had bequeathed his property to the issue of his grandson, leaving to him only a modest income. The death of the grandson had spared him this expression of ill-will.

Mrs. Amidon paused again, "Very soon after the grandfather's death a posthumous child, a son, was born to the young widow. He inherited the large estate bequeathed him by this will. The mother saw for one dim moment the little boy's violet eyes before she relapsed into a state of weakness in which her life was despaired of. But she rallied, and when she recovered sense of her surroundings asked for her child that she might look for comfort in his father's eyes. They told her as gently as they could that he was lying by his father's side in the graveyard of the little church.

"Through the death of this short-lived child the mother came into full possession of the large fortune which he seemed to have come only to inherit and transmit to her. It enabled her to gratify every reasonable taste and to assume a position in society which, without it, would have been impossible.

"Later," continued Mrs. Amidon, raising her eyes to Barnard's face, "she married again. It was a marriage unhappy in its results, for there developed the greatest disaffection. Two years ago the woman was again left free. She has had a brief, but rarely perfect, wedded life. She has had one not so brief and wretchedly imperfect. Not long since," and Mrs. Amidon's eye returned to the blazing log, "this woman, a widow for the second time, had not yet set her heart against marriage."

She remained with her gaze steadily fixed on the glowing heart of the log with its soft, silvery coating of white ashes, as if in reverie, her hands folded passively in her lap.

"Is that the end of the story?" inquired Barnard, softly.

"Yes, it is theend of the story," Mrs. Amidon answered slowly. "It is the story of a perfect love and of the substitute for love which came closest to the woman's desires in the wealth and luxury of her life, which she owed to this little boy who lived only a day."

Barnard drew a slow breath. Then he said: "And his name?"

"Hamilton Pinkney Fairfax," replied Mrs. Amidon. "You found his tiny monument and his little life a very amusing theme for your verses at Mrs. Van Brugh's the other night. I thought it right that you should know how they affected me, his mother. You see," she said, smiling faintly, as she looked at Barnard, while the expression which so often seemed about to come and never came, dawned upon her face, "there was something more than the humorous in them for me, for whom he seemed to have lived only that he might be the little intermediary between his father's tender love and the grandfather's stiff-necked opposition. I have seldom been more affected by verses, Mr. Barnard."

"Mrs. Amidon," said Barnard, with the utmost contriteness, "I beg you to pardon me for wounding your feelings. Believe me, nothing could have been further from my thought."

"I quite feel it, Mr. Barnard," she answered, quietly. "You have no need to apologize. You did not know you were reading your verses to the mother of the little boy, 'aged one day.' Nor did you know what that brief life accomplished.

"And now," she added, rising slowly, her tone and manner consigning the woman who had told him, so simply, the life of Mrs. Amidon, irrevocably to the past, "I must ask you to excuse me, as I have to dress for dinner. Good-by."

As Barnard took her hand and bowed, he felt that it was a farewell over the grave of Hamilton Pinkney Fairfax.—[Independent.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

To polish kitchen knives nicely, mix a little bicarbonate of soda with the brick dust and rub them thoroughly.

Slate floors should be polished, rubbing first with a smooth, flat piece of pumice stone, and finally polish with rotten stone.

Coffee is used for mixing blacking for the stove, in order to make it stick close and last longer. Most housekeepers prefer the old-fashioned blacking to any of the cements, because of its lasting qualities The cement is easier to apply as it requires no labor in polishing. No stove should be blacked more than once a month, but it should be kept clean by wiping off any clots of grease which may be spilled upon it. The flues of a stove should certainly be cleaned as often as once a month.

The proper washing of silk stocking is a matter of moment, now that they are commonly worn. White silk stocking should be washed in a strong lather made of castile soap or any good white soap and warm water. Lay the stockings in the lather and rub the soiled spots gently with the hands. Then rinse them very thoroughly to free them from all soap. Wring them dry in a cloth, turning them wrong side out. When they are almost dry stretch and rub them in the hands to make them smooth and bring them in shape, but do not iron them Black stockings may be washed in the same way, but should be kept separate from white stockings in the washing. Some people go so far as to rub their stockings when they are dry with a cold iron, always making the passes one way to make them smooth and glossy. It is a great mistake, however, to iron any stockings. It always makes an ugly crease down the center and does not add to the appearance. It is far better to rub them into shape, fold them up and allow them to fit themselves to the limb.

CORN AND TOMATO SOUP.—To make a soup of corn and tomatoes, scald one quart of tomatoes. Add a quart of stock, a slice of carrot, a small onion, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, one clove, six peppercorns, and if convenient a teaspoonful of minced ham. Let this all cook slowly for half an hour, then add a tablespoonful of butter melted and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Strain the soup through a puree sieve, so that every portion except the seeds and seasoning will pass through. Return the strained tomato puree to the stove. Add a liberal teacup of scraped corn. Let the soup boil for five minutes after the corn is added.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Sorrow of It—Saw the Sun Rise—Not by the Ear—Good Cause.

THE SORROW OF IT.

Miss Highton—Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Newbride. Your wedding ceremony was one of the most successful of the season.

Mrs. Newbride—So they say, and now it's all over, there seems nothing in life to live for.

Miss Highton—Why, how you talk! Isn't your husband kind to you?

Mrs. Newbride—Oh, yes! It isn't that, but he's so awfully healthy, you know. I don't believe I'll ever have a chance to officiate as a bride again.—[Boston Courier.

SAW THE SUN RISE.

The old man and his aged wife had gone to bed. The air was still and all nature was silent. But they could not sleep. Voices from the parlor were just loud enough to disturb their peace. Finally the old man said:

"Maria, who is that talking?"

"It's Dora and Jim, I expect," said she.

"And what time is it?" he inquired. But she did not know. Neither did the clock which sat on the mantel, for Dora had stopped it early in the evening.

"I will find out," said the old man. He slipped on his pants and boots and went downstairs. Suddenly there was a noise resembling the falling of a brick house. Then the slow footsteps of the old man could be heard ascending the stairs. When he went into the room he said:

"Why, Maria, it's only 12 o'clock, and strange to say, I saw a son rise—in fact, I assisted in bringing about the performance."

"Maria."

"Well?"

"Did it ever hurt your toes when looking at a son rise?" and the old man laughed out loud enough to wake the chickens roosting in the tree tops in the yard.—[St. Louis Republican.

NOT BY THE EAR.

Citizen—What do you think of hanging a man up by his thumbs?

Tailor—Some of my customers hang me up by the year.—[Judge.

GOOD CAUSE.

Acquaintance—You are not wearing your watch to-day. Is it broke?

Seedeigh—No, but I am.

AN HONEST HORSE TRADE.

"I'll have you arrested for making false representations. I bought that horse of you only because you told me he had a record."

"Very true, but the record is a bad one. You didn't ask me what kind of a record he had."—[Rider and Driver.

A SNUG FIT.

Rose—How strange, Edith, my engagement ring just fits you.

Edith—Dear old Herbert had it made for me not a month ago.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

"You need not deny it. I know that he kissed you while you were sitting on the steps last night."

"Yes, mamma, eight or ten times, I guess."

"Eight or ten times! Why—I—you——"

"Yes, mamma, dear. I told him the first time if he did it again I wouldn't speak to him, and after that I could not tell him to stop without breaking my word. And I know you would not want your daughter to tell a fib."—[Chicago Tribune.

ANSWERED.

Her Father—Are you ambitious?

Her Adorer—Well, if my desire to marry your daughter is not ambition, I'd like to know what is.

A LONG ENGAGEMENT.

Penelope—You look positively ecstatic. Has she promised to marry you?

Cholly—Yaas.

Penelope—When?

Cholly—When I become great.

HAD GROWN TIRED OF VEGETABLES.

"Georgie," said Mrs. Bean, according to the Buffalo Enquirer, to her only unmarried daughter, "wasn't young Mr. Pease here last evening?"

"Yes, mother."

"Didn't he propose to you?"

"Yes, mother."

"Didn't you refuse him?"

"Yes, mother."

"Why did you do it? Mr. Pease is rich, handsome and of good family."

"I had good reasons"——

"What were they. I am your mother, and wish to know."

"It is because you are my mother that I hate to tell you"——

"I must know"——

"Well, when I get a husband I must have a man whose name is to be found out of the vegetable kingdom."

HE WAITED, OF COURSE.

He—If I were to try and kiss you what would you do?

She—Scream.

He—Do you mean it?

She (impressively)—Indeed I do, so you had better wait until we are out of hearing of the hotel.—[Harlem Life.

AT A MENAGERIE.

The spectators stand in a group round the wife of the tamer, asking questions. Said one, "Is it true, Madame, that a lion costs as much as 5000 francs?"

"That depends; there are lions and lions."

"I mean your lions: Brutus, for instance, how much is he worth?"

"Oh! I would not part with Brutus for 10,000 francs. He devoured my first husband."—[Il Popolo Romano.

A PREVENTIVE.

Tom—Why did you sit on the piano stool at Miss Charm's, when there are plenty of comfortable chairs in the room?

Jack—You never heard her play, did you?

THE GAME OF DRESS.

At the Tennis Tournament:

She—Oh, I do hope Mr. Watkins will win!

He—Why, Watkins can't play a little bit.

She—I don't care; his suit is perfectly lovely.—[Elmira Gazette.

THEY ARE ALL ALIKE.

Smart Errand Boy—Is Mr. Soughtfor in?

Clerk—No, but I expect him in every minute.

Smart E. B.—That so? Well, he'll have to be awful numerous, won't he, to come in every minute?—[Boston Courier.

WOULD DO HER PART.

Day (about to wed)—I suppose it is proper to let one's wife have her own way in everything?

Weeks—Don't you go to bothering your head; she will attend to that.—[New York Herald.

TURNING THE TABLES.

"Was there any evasion on his part when you asked him for the money?" inquired the manager.

"N-no, sir," replied the collector. "The evasion was all on my side. He tried to kick me out."—[Judge.

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT.

"I wonder what your father will say when I ask him for your hand?"

"Don't worry about that, dear. He rehearsed it with me this morning and he does it beautifully."

WHERE MADGE WAS WEAK.

George—Madge, darling, I love you fondly, devotedly. With you, life is everything—without you, nothing.

Madge—I wish I could say as much.

George—You might, if you were as big a liar as I am.—[Judge.

HE OUGHT TO KNOW.

Saidso—Chicago is bound to be a greater city than New York.

Herdso—What makes you think so?

Saidso—A real estate man who lives there told me so.—[Truth.

SEALED.

"Maudie," he faltered, after he had made his trembling confession and the dear girl had said yes, "shall—shall—are you going to—to tell anybody about it?"

"How can I keep from telling it, Harold?" said the maiden. "My lips are not sealed."

And Harold attended to the sealing at once.—[Chicago Daily Tribune.

A POLITE WAITER.

"I've a waiter at my house that has been with me ten years. Never gave me a word of impudence, hasn't asked for a day off, and never growls."

"Dear me! What nationality?"

"American. It's a dumb-waiter."—[Harper's Bazar.

GOOD WEATHER FOR CORN.

A man recently from Iowa says that he saw a farmer standing at the foot of an enormous cornstalk.

"How big is your corn?" asked the stranger.

"I don't know," answered the farmer; "I sent one of my boys up to see a little while ago, and I'm worried to death about him."

"How so? Can't he get back?"

"That's the trouble. The cornstalk's growing up faster than he can climb down."—[Washington Post.

AN IDIOM OF TIME.

"You can take this ring," said the obliging jeweler, "and I will give you time on it."

"Thank you," said the young man coolly, "I had a friend who took a diamond ring, and he is doing time for it yet. I guess I'll wait," and he refused to be tempted.—[Detroit Free Press.

"LATEST" BUT NOT "LAST."

Tenor—Have you heard me sing my last song?

She—No, but I wish I had.—[Ledger.

American Newspapers.

In the history of the American newspaper there have been so far six epochs, each marking well defined eras in the advance of the country and of the press; these may be indicated in this way:

First—The first American newspapers, 1690-1707.

Second—The colonial press, 1704-1755.

Third—The party press, the religious press, the agricultural press, the sporting press, the commercial press, etc., 1783-1833.

Fifth—The cheap press, 1833-1835.

Sixth.—The telegraph and independent press, 1835-1890.

There are published to-day in the United Stated some 17,000 newspapers, trade papers, literary weeklies and monthlies and other periodicals, devoted to every interest and order of any importance.

Every county in every State and territory has now two weeklies, at least, which represent the two prominent parties.

Nearly every village of 1,000 inhabitants has its own local publication.

It is estimated that 22,000 people find employment in the production of these periodicals, and that $200,000,000 is invested in those enterprises.

"Learn" and "Teach."

The difference between the use of the words learn and teach is often insisted upon, and yet, strangely enough, it is often disregarded even by persons who should know how to speak correctly. The following conversation, which actually took place in one of the leading clubs of Boston, illustrates the way in which the error is committed:

One member said to another, who was his friend, and whom he had met driving during the day:

"Why in the world didn't you lift your hat to me to-day when I was with Miss Blank?"

"Oh," the other returned easily, "I just didn't want to. You can't learn me manners."

"No," was the quiet response, "but I could teach you English if you would give me half a chance."—[Youth's Companion.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. SEPS. 29.

THE RACKET.

THE FIRST SPRINKLING

Of Fall Goods has put in an appearance—only a forerunner of the storm of

DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS

Special attention is called to the genuine Broadhead Worsteds and all-wool Serges, for which we have exclusive sale.

LADIES' COATS AND WRAPS—

Representing the famous houses of Rothchild and Julius Stein. We sell these goods like everything else in the store at one price and that the lowest.

MEN'S, LADIES', AND CHILDREN'S SHOES—

Immense stock. Prices often half of regular. In ladies' fine shoes, representing exclusively in Bellefonte the Curtis and Wheeler specialties.

Too Much to Talk About,

KOM AND C.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, P

PERSONAL.

——Salesman Harry Bibighaus has been in this vicinity the last week or more.

——Mrs. Elmer Campbell. of Linden Hall, spent Wednesday with friends in town.

——Mrs. Emma Bartholemew, of Clearfield, Pa., is visiting friends and relatives in Centre Hall and vicinity.

——E. M. Huyett is down in Virginia looking up a large tract of timber land. He left on Monday.

——Miss Jennie Bibighaus, of Middleburg, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Laura Runkle, east of Centre Hall.

——Mrs. Vance McCormick returned to her home in Montandon on Wednesday after a visit with her parents in Centre Hall.

——Will Harpster departed on Monday evening for his home in Freeport, Ill., after a visit of nearly two weeks with his mother in Centre Hall.

——D. J. Meyer is representing Huyett, Meyer & Boozer, at the Stoneboro fair in Mercer county this week. David will present to the farmers of that section the unparalleled merits of the Centre Hall cornplanter.

——Mrs. Samuel Farner, of Bradford, Pa., was in Centre Hall during the week of the picnic greeting old friends. Mrs. Farner resided in Centre Hall, on Church street, about fifteen years ago and her visit was a very pleasant one.

——Captain John H. Harter, of Nevada, Ohio, is visiting friends and relatives in his native valley the past week. Capt. Harter is on his way home from Gettysburg, where he attended the reunion of his old regiment, 150th, P. V., (Bucktails.)

Cleaned the Park.

Grange Park has been put in proper shape again by the grangers, and it now presents a better appearance than it did a few days after the picnic. The grounds were littered with straw, paper and other debris and had a very dirty look, but after getting the tents down, the grangers went all over the ground with a hay rake and it now looks as cleanly as before the picnic. The grass is tramped down and in some places the ground is bare, but by next year's exhibition it will be on top again.

To the Union County Fair.

For the benefit of visitors, the P. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to Brook Park, Lewisburg, on October 5th to 7th, good for return passage until October 8th inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. Special trains will leave Lewisburg for the park each hour, and on the 6th and 7th, a special train will be run in the evenings to Laurelton and intermediate points.

A Hayseeder.

A countryman who went to Allentown, Pa., on an excursion, took a ride on the electric street car. Sizing up the fare register and beholding the indicator point to 25, he remarked to his companion: "Chiminy, Bill, die car geht ovver shwift, un se hut yusht finf-un-tzwansich pun shteam."

Attending Synod.

The Central Pennsylvania Synod of the Lutheran church meets this week at Reedsville, and will continue in session several days. Rev. Fischer, of Centre Hall, is president of the body and is in attendance.

Orphans' Court Sale.

M. L. Rishell, executor and administrator of the Dashem estate, will offer at public sale a fine farm, containing 100 acres, near Penn Cave station, on Saturday, October 22nd, at one o'clock.

THE THIRD ONE.

PROF. C. L. GRAMLEY APPOINTED COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.

The Third County Superintendent from Rebersburg. The Appointment Satisfactory and a good One.

The office of County Superintendent of schools has been filled by the appointment of Professor C. L. Gramley, of Rebersburg, by State Superintendent Waller.

The office was vacant, owing to Professor David O. Etters accepting the principalship of the Bellefonte schools, which was tendered him. The office of County Superintendent was then without an incumbent and the vacancy had to be filled by an appointment. There were several applicants for the position and all seemingly had a dead clinch on the appointment, but Professor Gramley had the longest pole and the appointment was knocked into his lot.

Ceph has been an active teacher for many years, and has the energy to fill the position properly.

The staid old town of Rebersburg has supplied more County Superintendents than any other town or locality in the county. The appointment of Professor Gramley makes the third from that locality. The first was Mr. R. M. Magee, who served three terms in office, then Professor Henry Meyer, and now Prof. Gramley.

DEATH AT SPRUCETOWN.

Mr. John Farner, a Highly Respected Citizen Passes Away.

Mr. John Farner, a highly and most respected citizen, breathed his last on Saturday, September 3rd, after a short illness, at the advanced age of about eighty-two years.

Mr. Farner was born at Mexico, Juniata county, and removed to Centre county when he was about eighteen years old. He was married on February 11th 1834 to Miss Mary Stiver, who preceded him in death about ten years ago. He was the father of four children, viz: Samuel, deceased; William C., of Potters Mills; J. Thomas, of Hydetown, Crawford county, Pa., and Martha S. of Centre Hill.

Mr. Farner was a highly respected citizen, possessed many noble qualities—he was a thoroughly honest man, and a Christian, always seeking to do what was right, and raised his children in the same faith.

The Line Located.

The county line case, which has attracted the attention of Mifflin county citizens for several years, particularly those of the west end of Kishacoquillas valley, came to a culmination so far as the United States district court is concerned, during the past ten days. At the session of court at Williamsport the case had been on trial for several days, and on Tuesday last Justice Buffington charged the jury, taking strong ground that the Mifflin county line should be seven miles west of where Huntingdon county people have been locating it. The jury took one ballot and rendered a verdict in accordance with the Judge's opinion.

Wonderful Shooting.

C. K. Sober, the great shot who leads the world in that line, gave an exhibition of his skill at Scranton Fair on Friday last. He performed 100 feats out of a possible 106 King birds shot at. The *Republican* of Saturday says: "Colonel Sober's exhibition of fancy shooting was the finest ever seen here. The way in which he handled a shot gun was something marvelous and his feats were simply astonishing."

Hard to Stand.

The chestnuts are ripening which may thin down the attendance of rural Sunday schools for the next five or six Sabbaths, as the youngsters cannot forego the temptation of thrashing the trees when the open burs full of nuts grin at the urchins. Few chaps can stand that, even on Sunday.

Fire Near Bellefonte.

Last Friday afternoon, a large frame building containing two stone crushers and a stationary engine at Morris' lime kilns, about four miles from Bellefonte, was destroyed by fire. The fire originated from a spark from the smoke stack. The loss is about $5,000, which is covered by insurance.

Death of an Early Settler.

Henry Reninger, one of the first early settlers in Sugar Valley and an honorable citizen of Greene township, died on Monday, September 19th, at his home near Greene Mills, aged 86 years.

Important Notice.

We are mailing "duns" which we trust will receive attention by an early remittance. It is unfair to make us wait, as long as some do, for what is due us.

Cool Weather.

It has been quite cool since Sunday nights thunder storm. In some parts of the state large hail fell and some damage was done by the storm.

——When you make a purchase at Lewins, Bellefonte, you are guaranteed satisfaction and full returns for your money.

DEATH OF AN AGED LADY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harper Dies On Tuesday Morning.

On Tuesday morning early the hand of death touched the brow of one of Centre Hall's most aged ladies, and she quietly and peacefully passed from this world of cares into the dim beyond.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harper, at about six o'clock on Tuesday morning breathed her last, at the home of her son Simon on Church street, with whom she had made her home for a number of years. Mrs. Harper had been ill for a number of weeks, suffering from not one disease in particular, but a complication, which with her greatly advanced age, she was not able to bear, and she grew gradually weaker until those in attendance saw that the end was not far distant, and she quietly and peacefully breathed her last as above stated.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harper was born on December 28th, 1804, and consequently was aged 87 years, 8 months and 29 days. She was born in Berks county and moved to this county when about ten years of age, living in this county the remainder of her life. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Kreamer, and she was married in 1823 to George Harper. She was the mother of ten children, five of whom are dead and five surviving. The surviving children are Mrs. George B. Weaver, of Rebersburg; Mrs. Philip Royer, of Clintondale, Clinton county; William Harper and Jared Harper, engaged in mercantile business in Bellefonte, and Simon Harper, of Centre Hall. The five children who preceded her in death are Mrs. Mary A. Gramley, wife of Jonathan Gramley; Rebecca Harter, wife of Absolom Harter; John; Jonathan and George. George died when not quite two years old. George Harper, her husband died in 1843, leaving the mother with those children ranging in age from one and one-half years to nineteen. Mrs. Harper raised all the family to manhood and womanhood except the youngest child, who died as before stated. She never married after the death of her husband, but remained a true and loving mother to her children until to the end.

The funeral will take place on Friday morning from the home of her son Simon on Church street and interment will be made in the cemetery at Rebersburg. She was a lifelong member of the Reformed church and consistently lived the life of a Christian. Her pastor, Rev. Eisenberg, will officiate.

Threshing Machine Accident.

Probst Bros., who own a steam thresher, were threshing on the farm of W. M. Johnson, in Woodward township, last week when they met with an accident that might have resulted fatally to those employed in the barn. The particulars, as far as we could ascertain were as follows: The engineer had gone into the barn for some purpose and during his absence the governor belt of the engine came off thereby allowing the engine to run at great speed which so increased the speed of the threshing machine that the cylinder was torn out of it and went flying through the barn. Several men were working in the barn but luckily all escaped injury except one who was struck by a piece of wood torn from the machine, but was not seriously hurt. The separator was entirely demolished.—Lock Haven *Democrat.*

To Prevent Cholera.

The press is now full of advice to the people in the way of methods of warning off the cholera, but they may be all summed up shortly as follows: Keep your person and your surroundings clean. To act upon the sanitary advice that is now being so freely given is not inappropriate, for although we trust there will be no cholera epidemic in this country, such a plague is by no means impossible. Therefore, it will be well to inaugurate a thorough cleaning up all around.

New Passenger Railway.

Charters were granted last week to the Clearfield and Curwensville passenger railroad company, of Clearfield, and to the Philipsburg and Houtzdale passenger railroad company, of Osceola Mills. The latter road will be operated in Philipsburg, Chester Hill, Osceola Mills, Sterling and Houtzdale and will be twelve miles in length. The capital stock of each company is $100,000.

Removed From Centre Hall.

Prof. Rothrock, who for two years was principal of the Centre Hall schools, removed to Boalsburg last week with his family, where he was elected to a similar position. We are sorry that the Professor should leave Centre Hall. He was a good citizen and made many sincere friends.

Still Giving Exhibitions.

Mr. C. K. Sober, the champion fancy and trick shot of America, is still giving exhibitions of his skill in handling the gun, and on the 29th inst., will treat the populace at Carlisle, Pa., to an exhibition.

——Lewins counters are loaded with a new stock of clothing for fall and winter. The Philad. Branch always in the lead for new goods and low prices.

BOROUGH DADS.

Special Meeting of the Council on Monday Evening.

In the last week the council has endeavored to convene in session three times, but no quorum being present, no business could be contracted until Monday evening, when the members of that body met in Boal's office.

There was only one absentee and the body got down to business at once. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Bills were presented to the amount of about $30, for which orders were given on the treasurer. The police service during the picnic was maintained an expense of $25.50, and the council ordered payment of same.

A committee was appointed by the president of two members to look after the condition of the walks and pavements in town which are out of repair and do not conform with the ordinance. It is the duty of this committee to look up all dilapidated walks and have them put in proper order.

An ordinance was passed and signed by the burgess in reference to the purchase of the Centre Hall water works by the borough. The ordinance as drawn will leave it to the citizens whether the town shall be bonded to the tune of $4000,00 for the purchase of the plant. It is intended that the citizens shall vote for or against same at the election in November. The session then adjourned to meet at the next regular meeting on Friday, October 7th.

Town Council Arrested.

Last week the town council of Lewisburg was arrested for neglect of duty. The *Chronicle* says: It seems that a citizen named G. Brown, while endeavoring to drive through Cherry alley found it almost impassable by reason of mud and water. After driving through this collected mire a short distance, his wagon sank into a ditch or gully and was broken. He sent a letter to the council asking that the borough might bear the expense of repairing his wagon. This letter presented to the council at its last regular meeting and read. By motion, it was laid upon the table for future consideration. Mr. Brown, believing that his claim was ignored and that this action equivalent to a dismissal, made information against the "City Fathers" and caused their arrest. At the trial on Friday night, attorneys Cox and Linn, appearing for the plaintiff, produced as witnesses Wm. Cromley, Reuben Weidensaul, Mathias Mabus and Wood Biddle, who made oath to the bad condition of the said alley. The defence was represented by Alfred Hayes, Esq. After hearing the strong arguments of the attorneys of both sides, 'Squire Clingan bound the defendants on their own recognizances to appear at the next term of court.

The Union County Fair at Lewisburg Next Week, Oct. 5, 6 and 7.

The Thirty-ninth Annual Fair of the Union County Agricultural Society will be held at Brook Park, Lewisburg, next week, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 5th, 6th and 7th. Our readers are cordially invited to attend. The attractions are represented as surpassing anything in the past history of this organization, one of the oldest in the State. Besides the premiums offered for horses, $200 will be given farmers' organizations, $200 in prizes to bicycle riders, and liberal premiums for stock, dairy products, fancy work, fruit, vegetables, poultry, cattle, etc., etc. A grand parade of stock, cattle, farming implements, etc. is also on the program. You surely should not miss this great exhibition; attend, you will enjoy it.

Don't Marry Railroaders, Girls.

Girls ought to be warned of the fearful danger to be incurred in marrying railroad men, especially brakemen. It is related that the other night a member of that hard-working fraternity, at Bellwood, on being aroused from a dream of an impending crash, was found by the neighbors sitting up in bed holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted the terrified womans head off in his ineffectual exertions to "down brakes."—Coalport *Standard.*

Trains Late.

Last week all passenger trains from the east were late at Centre Hall. The delays were caused by the enormous traffic of the G. A. R. encampment at Washington, and the Pennsylvania railroad service taxed to its utmost capacity.

Will Be Absent.

No services will be held in the Presbyterian churches at Spring Mills and Centre Hall, next Sabbath, owing to the absence of the pastor, Rev. Baskerville, to fill the pulpits at Hublersburg and Jacksonville.

Send in the Names.

The World's fair managers would like to have the names and addresses of 2,500,000 people who are willing to pay $2 for a silver souvenir half-dollar.

——The finest line of shoes to be found in the county can be seen at Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte. New goods constantly coming in. Look at his line before purchasing.

——A new stock of fall and winter overcoats at Lewins, Bellefonte.

OVER A CENTURY.

A CENTRE COUNTY WOMAN DIES AT THE AGE OF 117 YEARS.

Remarkable Longevity of a Woman Whose Grandfather Was an Indian. She Died in Patton Township.

Elizabeth Stanton died recently at her home, in Patton township this county at the remarkable age of 117 years. There is record proof that she had reached the age of 117 years. Her grandfather was an Indian and her father a half-breed. She was the fourth child of James Jamison, and was born at Big Chickie, Lancaster county., in 1775.

She was twice married, first to James Harris, and then to John Stanton of Lewistown. The latter has been dead for many years. Her youngest son Henderson, who lived at Homestead, is 70 years old. There are four older children, two of whom have died of old age, and the other two are Mrs. Zellet, of Tyrone and Richard Stanton a wealthy Californian.

Mrs. Stanton was a hard worker during her life. At 80 years of age she did a man's work in the harvest field, and it is said that she enjoyed unbroken health for more than 100 years. Two years ago she walked twelve miles to Bellefonte, where she saw a railroad train for the first time.

She had an old family Bible supposed to have been given her Indian ancestors two hundred years ago by an early missionary. The records in it prove her age beyond question. She was a charming old lady, bright and cheerful at the last. She awaited her end calmly, saying she had already lived two lives, and was now ready to die. The people of the whole country around attended her funeral.

MIFFLINBURG'S CENTENNIAL.

Extensive Preparations Being Made to Celebrate on October 4th.

Colored posters are hung up conspicuously in the town of Mifflinburg's coming celebration, when she will with great eclat commemorate her first centennial.

Tuesday, October 4th, is the day in which that town will put on her gala attire, and show the visitors what a big day they can have without half trying. Committees have been appointed and over $500 has been raised towards defraying expenses of the celebration. A monster big parade is intended to be the principal feature of the day. The parade will be made up of civic and military organizations and secret orders.

Honorable John Blair Linn, of Bellefonte, is the orator of the day and in the afternoon after the parade will deliver an address from a public stand.

Special trains will be run over the railroads to accommodate those who wish to attend, and excursion tickets will be sold at a low rate. It is the intention of a number from this valley to go down and help Mifflinburg celebrate the day in a most approved style.

Our Imaginary Ills.

A Philadelphia physician says that a great deal of what passes for heart disease is only a mild dyspepsia, that nervousness, commonly, is a simple bad temper, and two-thirds of the so-called malaria is nothing but laziness. Imagination, he says, is responsible for a multitude of ills, and he gives as an instance the case of a clergyman, who after preaching a sermon, would take a teaspoonful of sweetened water, and doze off like a babe, under the impression that it was a bona fide prescription of morphia, whereas, in lack of the little harmless dose, he would toss about restlessly for hours.

Gave Himself Up.

Oliver W. Roberts, who killed farmer Jacob W. Ross, near Johnstown, by striking him with a stone two weeks ago, has been in hiding ever since. Monday he walked into police headquarters and gave himself up, saying he had been working on a farm near town ever since. He said he had become tired of the suspense of fearing arrest, and that he would take the consequence of his act.

Vet's Re-union.

The next Veteran's re-union will be held at Hunter's Park, on the Buffalo Run railroad. The re-union for the last half dozen years was held during picnic week on the grangers' grounds, and takes one very important day from the picnic by going to another park.

A Novel Bet.

The Chicago *Herald* asserts that "a South Dakota girl lost a bet of 1000 kisses on Blaine's failure to get the nomination, and conscientiously paid the same. A recount was demanded and rather than be mixed up in a contest she consented."

Won't Be Missed.

Gilmore, the great band master is dead. He won't be missed—Aaronsburg bands, No. 1 and No. 2 are still alive, and tooting good blows.

——The Philad. Branch has almost an entire new stock to select from. If a bargain is wanted Lewins can give you satisfaction.

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

RESIDENCE BURNED.

A Destructive Fire Near Bellefonte Sunday Night.

Last Sunday evening about nine o'clock, a bright light was seen across the mountain in the direction of Bellefonte, which from the length of time it continued, was thought to be a fire, and the surmise was a correct one.

The residence of Albert Owens, about one mile east of Bellefonte, was discovered on fire, and owing to its location and scarcity of water, it was impossible to save the building, which was of frame. The building was completely destroyed and but few household articles were rescued from the flames.

The origin of the fire is a mystery and cannot be accounted for, as no one was at home at the time the flames were discovered. A fine library was destroyed which contained many valuable books. The loss will be about $6,000, on which there is an insurance of $2,000.

Union County Deaths.

In Limestone township, on the 7th of September, Daniel Swartzlander, aged 75 years, 7 months and 24 days.

At Winfield, on the 16th of September, Catharine Selsar, aged 79 years, 9 months and 4 days.

In Lewisburg, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. H. B. Cawley, on the 19th of September, Eliza, relict of Henry Orwig, dec'd., aged 76 years, 11 months and 17 days.

In West Buffalo township, near Forest Hill, on the 19th of September, John C. Struble, aged 16 years, 4 months and 23 days.

The Boy Must Go.

The Williamsport *Republican* says: The locomotive engineers of Pennsylvania have decided to take steps to get rid of the boy operator. The sort of curse he is no one knows better than the engineers, who do not propose to have him endanger their lives any longer. They will ask the next Legislature to pass a bill providing regulations for the employment of telegraph operators. The requirements they advocate will be that every person before taking an office shall have had one years's experience; shall not be under 21 years of age, and shall not be assigned to block signal work without having had some experience of that kind. There should also be a regulation forbidding an operator to be on duty more than ten hours a day.

Only Six at a Time.

Six bouncing baby boys have just been presented to Charles Billings, Ashe county, North Carolina, by his proud wife. The tots are very much alive, and each weighs from four and one-half to nine pounds. The father, who is a poor mountaineer, depends on shooting game for a living.

A Heavy Thunder Gust.

A terrific thunder gust passed over this county on Sunday night.

——Storm coats way down in price at Lewins, Bellefonte. His stock is superior to any other. Satisfaction is always guaranteed.

GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

New wheat	75
Wheat	80
Rye	65
Corn	40
Oats new	27
Barley	40
Buckwheat	45

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	20
Eggs	15
Lard	7
Shoulders	9
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	30
Sides	9

Serges . .

Serges for the coming season are strictly in it; we have same in different weaves and weights.

All the late styles in Dress Goods at popular prices.

Three cents for a cake of regular five-cent Toilet Soap.

Have you seen our new patterns in Satines?

Canton Flannels—best values—at lowest prices.

Samples of goods sent for your asking.

Silkalenes—Laces and Heavy Curtins—and all the fixings.

We are sole agents for Bellefonte for the W. C. C. Corsets—the finest in the world for the price.

Have you tried "Garman's Pride" Corsets at 50c?

Hemp Rope for Banners, Rugs, Tables, etc.

CORSETS

Large stock of Umbrellas—new shapes in Handles.

Our 15c (boxed) Writing Paper is the equal of that of many places that ask 15c a box.

Bicycles sold on the easy payment plan. None but high grade wheels.

Two pairs of fine black or cream colored hose for 25c—or 13c per pair.

Garmans.